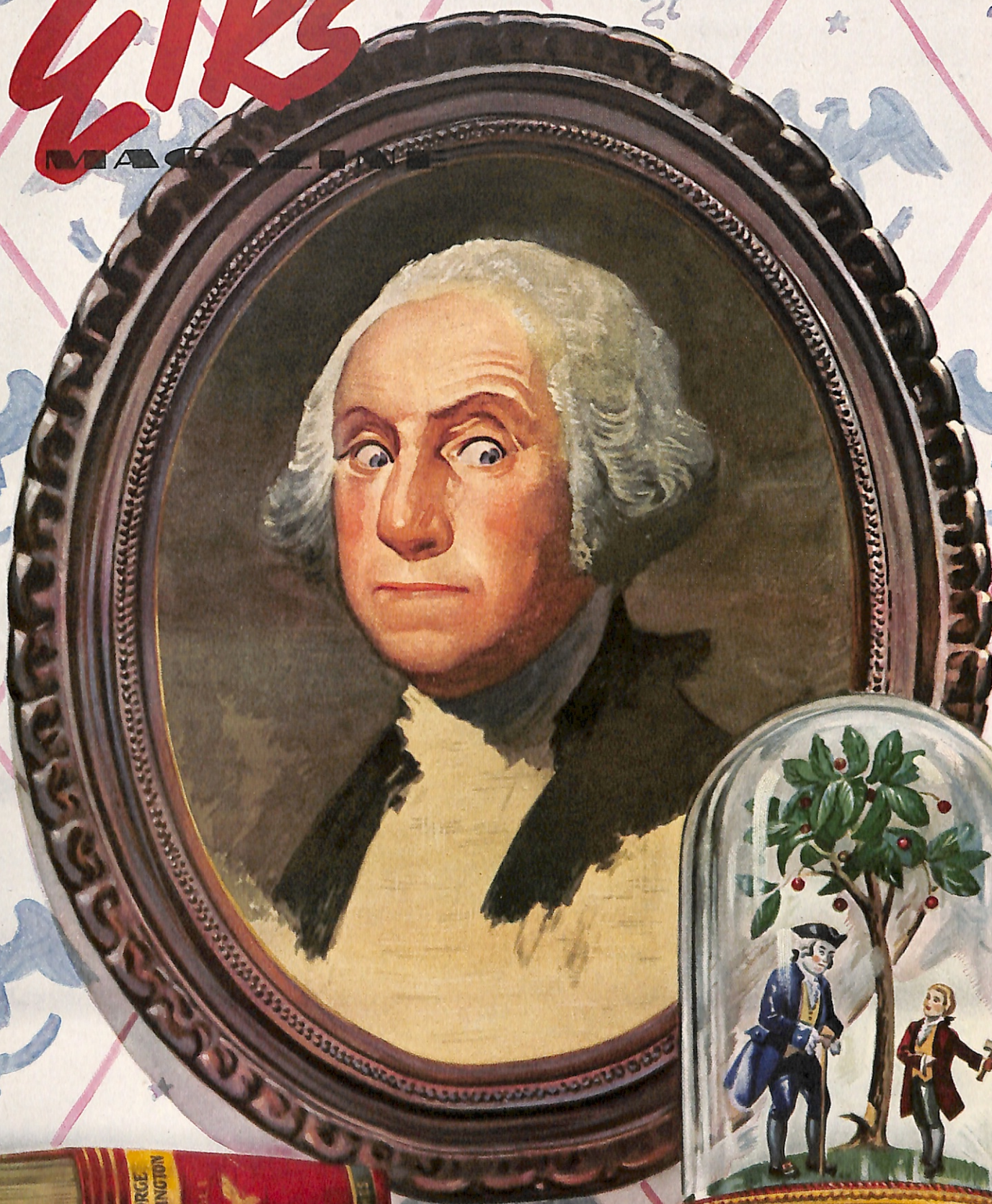


THE

FEBRUARY 1946

Elks

MAGAZINE



ARTHUR SMITH



"Guess they'll enjoy sitting by the fire, too"

A COZY fireplace is nice, but you'll purr with satisfaction over a Calvert Highball no matter *where* you enjoy it. You see, Calvert is a pre-war quality

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A Message from the GRAND EXALTED RULER



HARMONY between officers is absolutely essential for the successful operation of a lodge. Many times friction takes place when it could easily be avoided if the constitution and statutes of the Grand Lodge and the by-laws of the individual lodge were carefully studied and followed. Officers often unwittingly assume that their duty and authority go farther than they actually do. Questions of law are many times submitted to the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary or to the Grand Exalted Ruler when they have already been answered in the booklet, "Digest of Opinions and Decisions", prepared by the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary.

The differences most often occur among the Exalted Ruler, the Secretary, the Board of Trustees and the House Committee of a lodge. As I travel over the country, representatives of each come to me very frequently asking me to decide between them. Often there is a very bitter feeling, and no attempt is made to suppress that feeling. The breach at times gets so wide that it is tremendously harmful to the lodge in question and to the spirit of honest fraternalism. Eventually it becomes necessary to remove the offending party or parties from office, when all trouble could easily have been avoided at the outset.

Frankly, if every one of us strives to fulfill the duties of his particular office to the best of his ability for the good of a great Order, at all times suppressing individual ambition,

there can be little or no friction. The good of our own lodge and the good of Elksdom must of necessity be our aim. Without it we fail!

The foundation and groundwork of our Order is the Golden Rule. If we follow it, we succeed in our purpose and are a great brotherhood. If we do not, we are not successful in our main purpose of serving humanity and promoting wholesome good fellowship.

Unless club operation exists for the lodge and is kept subordinate to it, we no longer have the right to be considered a part of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks. When the lodge is but a sham and is merely kept in existence for successful business operations, we quickly degenerate into the position of becoming merely competitors of other such business enterprises.

It is my sincere hope that all those who are in authority in their respective offices in each one of our more than fourteen hundred lodges will join me in attempting to keep first things first in Elksdom. Petty differences and personal ambition have no place in our Order.

Faternally yours,

Wade H. Kepner

WADE H. KEPNER
GRAND EXALTED RULER

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THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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Contents

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A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler.....	1	Letters from a Correspondent	23
Give 'Em a Little Corn.....	4	Coles Phillips	
Hugh B. Cave		News of the Subordinate Lodges	26
Air Freight.....	8	Under the Antlers.....	31
Stanley Frank		Editorial	34
Maharajahs of the Midway	10	Gadget and Gimmick Dept..	41
Don C. Gillette		W. C. Bixby	
What's Playing.....	14	It's a Man's World.....	43
Kent Richards		In the Doghouse.....	59
GI Joe—World Traveler.....	16	Ed Faust	
Al Frantz		Rod and Gun.....	61
The Grass Roots of Business	18	Ray Trullinger	
William McGarry		In Appreciation.....	68
What America Is Reading....	21	Elks War Commission	
Harry Hansen			

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IN THIS ISSUE

We Present—

IF ANYONE feels that our cover this month needs any explaining, send us a letter. There is an explanation. It goes like this: the real truth of the matter is, George Washington never did say, "I cannot tell a lie." That was a gag thought up by Parson Weems.

In Mr. Hugh Cave's story, "Give 'Em a Little Corn", he got so lavish with corn that it was our title—not his.

Stanley Frank's "Air Freight" on page 8 packs its wallop in that the subject of transplanting perishable goods swiftly from one section of the world to the other is freighted with implication. It *may* change your business and mine.

"Maharajahs of the Midway" by Don C. Gillette is one of those things. It tells you about people you never met but have seen a hundred times, and carries its own weight because who has not reveled in the joys of a carnival?

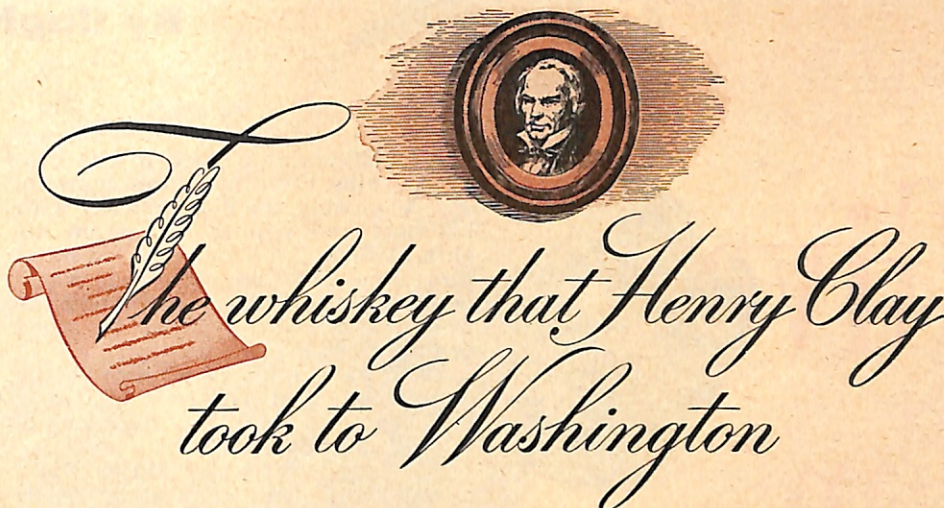
Our traveling expert, Al Frantz, has a Theory. It amounts to: that many of the GIs who have spent the last few years abroad want nothing more than Main Street and the Corner Drug Store—and that a million others have had their appetites whetted to see, smell and taste everything in all the far regions of the world.

On pages 16 and 17 we give our views of "What's Playing". Anything you see on these two pages is, in the opinion of your Editors, worth taking a crack at. That's why we put them there. In these pages lack of space prevents us from telling you that we are all-out for "Hamlet", "Billion Dollar Baby" and "Dream Girl"—just in case you hit Broadway or the shows hit your town.

Not being businessmen we can tell you little about "The Grass Roots of Business" beyond the fact that if you want to know about the grass roots of business (which we doubt), here is your opportunity. We can also say that the article is profusely illustrated.

On page 23, we are vexed to tell you, our Mr. Phillips goes on and on with his interminable correspondence. He drags you through dreary weeks of unelevating travel in an uninspired manner. Do not read it if you can help it.

The Editors of this Magazine are beating their brains out putting together this and future issues of the book with new, elaborate and fascinating features culled from all the far reaches of the globe. For the moment we have settled on a Gadget and Gimmick Department which is conducted by a pixie named Bixby. What he doesn't know about gimmicks and gadgets would fill the Congressional Library. Kent Richards has started off another column entitled "It's a Man's World" which is just what it sounds like. C. P.



Henry Clay, in an old letter to his friend, Col. Crow, ordered a barrel of this superb Kentucky whiskey to take with him to the nation's capital.



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Give 'Em A Little Corn

**Lieutenant Nolan
handled even the
Japs "with passions"**

AFTER eight o'clock in the evening Captain Peters came in, closing the door quickly with his heel and wiping rain from his chin. A few of the men glanced up at him; none gave him more than a second's attention. The rain rustled the thatch above his head as he stood beaming at them.

"I bring tidings of an event," he announced, and waited confidently for them to look at him again. "Really stupendous."

"O, Lord," grumbled Major Nicholson, "why can't the yellow perils wait for this weather to change?" Five minutes ago the major had opened a bottle of beer, a rationed commodity in this part of the Philippines, and not yet had he so much as tasted it. He wanted first to renew his acquaintance with the shape and feel of it, and to read the label again. Now, quickly, he wiped the wet sawdust from its neck, filled his glass and gulped.

"It's bigger than that," said Peters. "It's movies."

The men groaned in chorus and stopped looking at him.

"New movies," he insisted.

"In this rain?" muttered Nicholson. "You go, Peters. Come back and tell us about it."

But Peters had something and was not to be denied. "You underestimate the United States Army, gentlemen. We have a new picture starring Myra Standish, with the able assistance of one James Nolan. The line forms behind me. No pushing, please, at the rear." And, of course, he grinned at the table where Lieutenant Jimmy Nolan was sitting.

Jimmy had not heard. For that matter, he had even stopped hearing the rain. After his third glass of warm beer he was curiously intent upon the small drops of water that formed on the underside of the roof-thatch above his head, and had found that he could judge the line of their fall almost without error. Uncannily he could tell whether they would strike the corner of the table and explode into spray, or miss it and plop on the floor near his extended right foot. It was an interesting accomplishment.

Beer had always mellowed his mind that way. With whiskey, now, Jimmy Nolan could be depended on to be physically and mentally acrobatic—ask anyone in Hollywood who knew him—but beer, even in this dilapidated boathouse in the Philippines, did nothing more to him than to induce a pleasant drowsiness.

Peters gently shook him. "Did you hear, Jimmy? The movie tonight is one of yours. Wake up."

"I'm not asleep. Just thinking." "Don't you want to see your own picture?"

"My pictures are terrible." Jimmy watched another drop of water fall. "Someone should be court-martialed for inflicting such stuff on you fellows. What picture is it?"

"Guerrilla Girl."

Jimmy shut his eyes and winced. "Please, all of you," he pleaded. "We made that atrocity before anyone in Hollywood knew what it was like to fight Japs. You'll have to be carried back on stretchers. I go out alone—alone!—and kill twenty Japs!"

"Are you coming?"

"No. And if the rest of you would just listen—" But the plea was hopeless. Before he had finished it, the shack was empty. He might as well have begged them to surrender their place in the triumphal march on Tokyo for an evening at home with a book.

Abandoned, Jimmy Nolan disconsolately watched the drops of water and remembered, mellowly, the last day of the making of "Guerrilla Girl." We had quite a lot of fun making that picture, he thought, even if we didn't know what it was like to fight Japs.

Well, he'd had a lot of fun making a lot of pictures, without knowing much about picture-making. They were B pictures, sure. They were never mentioned when the long-hairs met to discuss the best of this and the best of that. But they had picked up enough money to keep producer Dave Dubble cherubic through the years, and they had paid Jimmy Nolan *et ux* an adequate weekly wage.

At thirty-one, after seven comfortable years of it, he owned a house, had a college degree and had laid a firm foundation for the real estate business which had been his goal in the first place. When Dave Dubble found it necessary to hunt up another hero—as of course Dave eventually would—the Nolans all three of them, would be able to take it with a grin.

Not bad, he thought, for a kid who had arrived in Hollywood with seventeen dollars and the promise of a job selling house lots. With a reasonably human face and the ability to stay on the backs of handsome horses, you could get along fine in Hollywood. Provided, of course, you were loved by a lady who had the sense to stomp on your inevitable illusions.

Illustrated by HARRY MORSE MEYERS

You do get to look like that, he thought as the Nolan face, bandaged and blotched with mud, welled up to fill the screen.



He recalled the evening before the last day of the "Guerrilla Girl" thing, when he and Myra had sat in Dave's ornate apartment and demanded a vacation. "Young Jimmy starts school in two weeks," Myra had said, "and we want to take him on a camping trip before he shoulders the world's burdens, Dave."

"Why not?" Dave said, beaming. "Why not, by all means? No need we should drag it out. Come early tomorrow. We finish crawling through the jungle. We toss the bomb—"

"Grenade, Dave."

"A minor difference. We clean out the Japs. We kiss."

"Like this." Solemnly, Jimmy had leaned over the back of Dave's purple plush sofa, tipped Myra's chin up and kissed her nose. Her nose could never hope to compete with the elegant rest of her in the glamor business, but she could do tricks with it like a rabbit, and he liked to press his lips in the smooth hollow it made between her solemn brown eyes. He liked to do this in front of Dave, who could be depended on to clutch at his stomach and exclaim desolately, "Such a business! Years I spend, telling the public you are in love like little children filled with passions, and you peck at her like it was time to rush to an office and grumble with books! A mouth she has, I keep telling you! Kissing is for the mouth!"

Dave needn't have worried. Next day, when Jimmy Nolan staggered through the Dubble conception of a South Pacific jungle after single-handedly cleaning twenty Japs out of a pillbox, he took Myra in his arms and kissed her as Dave wanted her kissed. Ardently, on the mouth, with passions. As if it were the first time and not the result of seven years' daily practice. Dave, liking it, clapped his hands and gurgled "ah-h-h!" and the picture was finished.

But there hadn't been a camping trip. There had been, instead, a letter from his kid brother, Andy, stating with undisguised grimness that the war in the Pacific was not going so well, especially on Guadalcanal where Andy was, and it was high time some people at home got hep to that fact. A lot of perfectly healthy guys at home ought to stop kidding themselves, Andy wrote.

The fact that kid brother Andy worshiped him made this letter significant. "He didn't write it just because he was sore," Jimmy said to Myra. "Or to make me sore, either."

So there had been a trip to camp, but not a camping trip, and Myra and young Jimmy had not accompanied him. And he had discovered, after getting to the Pacific at last, that Andy had written the truth. The Japs were not then contesting Guadalcanal, but they were fighting with tenacity to hold an island called New Georgia, only an inch or so closer to Tokyo, and Andy's letter was then eight months old.

The march on Tokyo had gone a little faster from then on, and he was a bit dizzy now, remembering Tar-

awa, Kwajalein, Saipan and the jump to the Philippines. The beer blended these memories. He found it hard to place them in chronological order. It was not surprising that for something sharply defined he had to go back through all those noisy, crowded months to the life he had lived before. Nor was it surprising, after Captain Peters' announcement, that his mind fastened at last on a picture of Dave Dubble rocking on his stool, gurgling a rapturous "ah-h-h!" while Jimmy Nolan kissed his wife "with passions".

What the hell, he thought. I don't want to sit here. I want to see that picture. She's in it.

The rain was warm. All about him in the dark it rattled against invisible hulks of metal, sputtered through the palm fronds, pattered on taut canvas, slobbered on seas of mud. Before he had walked a hun-

Then, his pistol pumping bullets and a live grenade held in his fist, he charged.

dred feet, water was running down his chest and back beneath his clothes. The rain was studio rain, and he had the pleasant feeling that if he stepped off the road he would find himself in the cluttered corridor that led to Dave Dubble's palatial office. The feeling was still with him, more real than the mud and rain and stink of the village, when he stepped into the canvas-patched native storehouse and came face to face, quite suddenly, with a screened image of his own countenance.

It surprised him. In Hollywood he had always shuddered at close-ups of the Nolan physiognomy. Scowling at this one, he realized that Dave had come closer to reality than either of them had suspected. You do get to look like that, he thought, as the Nolan face, bandaged and blotched with mud, welled up to fill the screen.

Obviously the GIs agreed. Some two hundred were present, jammed together on whatever they had been able to find to insert between themselves and the mud, and they were not laughing, not even politely snickering. In utter silence except for sounds occasioned by shifts of position to ease the cramps in crowded arms and legs, they were soaking up the picture. Jimmy Nolan beamed with pride.

Then he could have sworn that Myra, when she appeared languidly on the screen, turned her brown eyes full upon him and said sternly, "Watch your hat size, honey. This Oscar has a 'Made in Japan' label on it, and you, Nolan, are in the real estate business. Remember?"

Of course, she didn't say that, nor did she look a whole lot like the Mrs. Jimmy Nolan who would say

such a thing. In creating "Guerrilla Girl", Dave Dubble's writers had lifted Sadie Thompson out of rain, given her an Australian origin and a Lamour sarong, equipped her with Hollywood pidgin English, and called it "woman interest". And what she said to the screened image of Jimmy Nolan, when she glided mysteriously out of the jungle to clutch at his arms, was, "You come along me quick! Bad Japanese fix trap for 'Merican soldiers!"

Well, all right. Dave's pictures were not designed for Broadway. They were compounded of ingredients intended to delight customers who expected their heroes to come galloping out of the setting sun to a rousing Von Suppe accompaniment.





Jimmy grinned as he watched himself plunging along the muddy jungle trail, to sound effects of squawking birdlife and distant rifle fire. He remembered making that scene. Around and around they had stumbled through Dave's circular jungle, Myra urging him to hurry, hurry, hurry or he would be too late. Four times he had fallen over the same decayed log and clawed through the same tangle of vines. But here it looked real enough, and with the rest of the audience he held his breath in expectation of a sniper's bullet. Because, of course, Dave had injected a sniper—otherwise the plot would have been too terrifyingly original—and he had hit Jimmy Nolan. And then, wounded but un-

daunted, Private Nolan had fumbled a grenade from his belt and crawled on, with appropriate pauses for gasping and contortions, to blast the Jap pillbox that threatened his buddies approaching along the road.

He could do without that scene, he decided. Leaning wetly against the wall, he shut his eyes and indulged in delicious anticipation, judging the progress of the picture by its sound effects. Presently he would open his eyes and see Myra standing expectantly before him, and he would put his muddy arms around her and kiss her. It would be real, with passions — so real that she would probably continue to snuggle against him after the cameras stopped whirring, just as she had the

day the picture was made. And with a little wriggle of pleasure she would say, "Dave ought to like this, darling. I do."

He had, too. And would again. It was an effort, now to keep his eyes shut while waiting for the cue to open them. I'd give a year of my life for an hour at home, he thought.

To his left the canvas rustled at the doorway, parting to admit a late-comer. Resenting the sound, he turned toward it. The intruder, an officer, coughed to clear his throat and reluctantly stepped forward.

"All right, men! Sorry, but that's all we have time for. Report to your units on the double!"

The rush to the door was well un-

(Continued on page 39)



At left is a portion of a three-ton cargo of fresh fruit and vegetables being transferred from an Airfreighter to a refrigerated truck for distribution to a chain of Cleveland stores. The vegetables were ready for sale less than 48 hours after they were harvested in California.



● Above: Although perishable goods will be the mainstay of the air freight business there is no reason why everything but the kitchen sink shouldn't be sailing through the air.

Below are dresses being unloaded from a fast-flying freight plane. Delivery can be made anywhere in the United States within twenty-four hours. It just means that women will be able to change their minds more often.





Air Freight

By Stanley Frank

● That roaring in your ears is probably nothing more than a load of tomatoes being flown from one coast to the other. It's a business and it's here to stay. It's called air freight.

IT WAS, the pilot probably muttered morosely, a hell of a note. Antic activity erupted as his plane landed at Cincinnati. Photographers' flash bulbs popped like champagne corks at a free-loaders' convention; publicity men ran around in crazy circles coping with the mysterious crises that always bedevil publicity men on historic occasions; people converged upon the plane beaming with bright anticipation that suggested they were about to see the brave, new world in technicolor. And the cause of all the excitement?

Ten ounces of spinach.

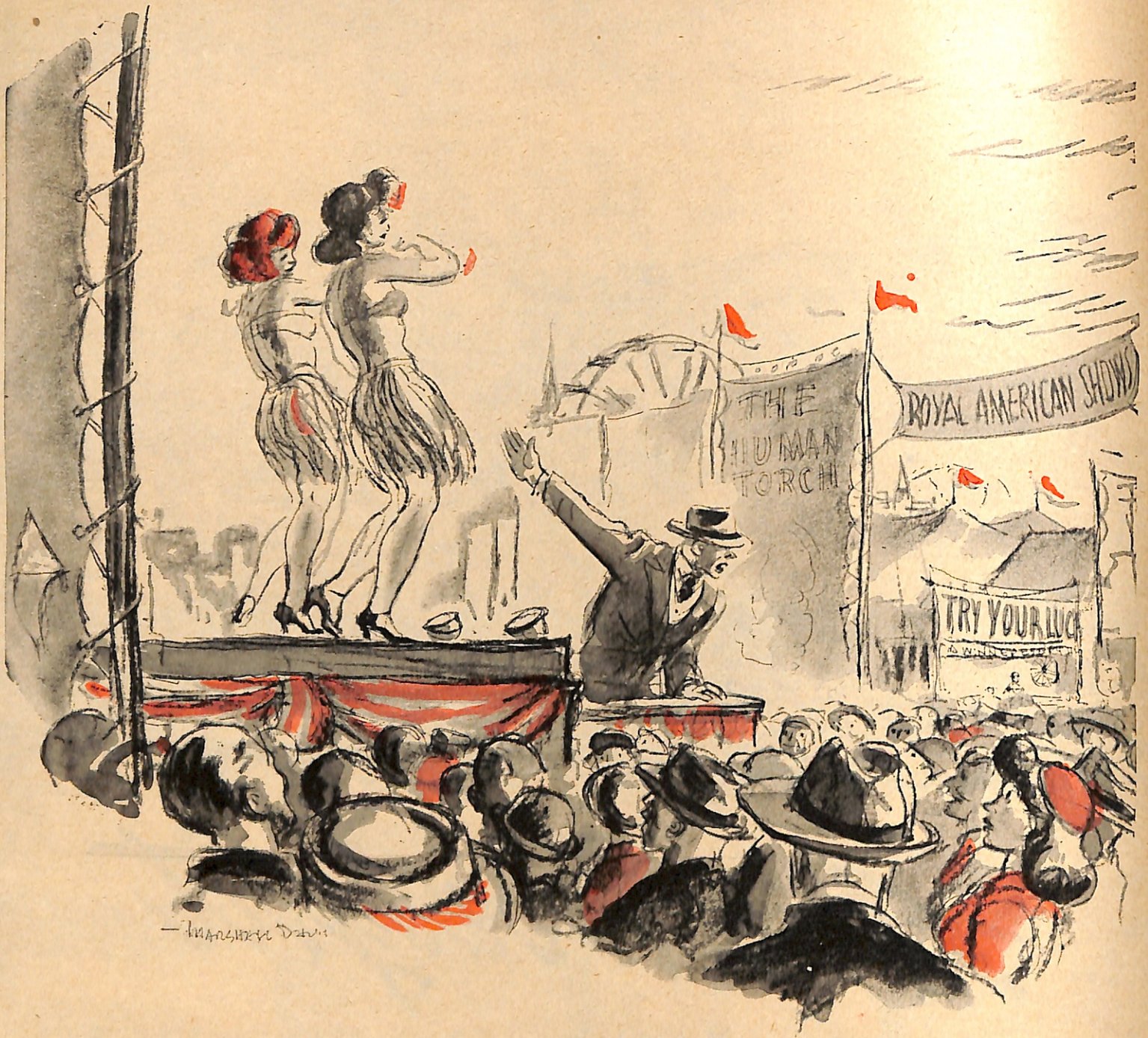
Children and older cynics will make caustic cracks having to do with the appropriateness of spinach

heralding the brave, new world, but that handful of greens really opened the door to better postwar living. It was the first practical demonstration of transporting perishable commodities, such as food, fashions and news, by air freight, a modern dodge which will stimulate new enterprises and create unique merchandising methods advantageous to the consumer.

Late in the afternoon of September 15, 1944, a pound of spinach was picked on a farm near Los Angeles. It was trimmed to ten ounces, washed, packed in a cellophane bag with the grower's name and put on an ordinary cargo plane making a

routine flight across the continent. Fourteen hours later the first California spinach ever seen in Cincinnati was sold for 27¢. Untrimmed spinach from nearby truck farms was selling for 15¢ the pound that morning, but it was not as fresh or as good as the California variety. You know how our fine, feathered friends, the ladies, are. They'll pay a few cents more for a better product—especially if it saves them an annoying kitchen chore. Frozen spinach was selling for 23¢ the same day in Cincinnati, but even spinach tastes better with the sun's caress lingering

(Continued on page 45)



A TOWERING Ferris Wheel and an elusive "cooch dance" are responsible for what is today the most thriving branch of outdoor entertainment—the traveling carnival.

The idea was born at the 1893 World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago. On the main thoroughfare there, Captain G. W. G. Ferris unveiled his big riding device in prominent view of the gaping crowds. But the "cooch dancing" had to be hunted surreptitiously along the "Streets of Cairo" and other mysterious lanes of the "Highway of All Nations". It wasn't good hunting, by any means, but that didn't matter.

Up to 1893, world's fairs always had been a bust, financially speaking, because they lacked the allurements to draw paying crowds. Scientific,

cultural and educational exhibits, no matter how laudable, just didn't draw money in those days any more than they do now. The garnishments of showmanship were needed.

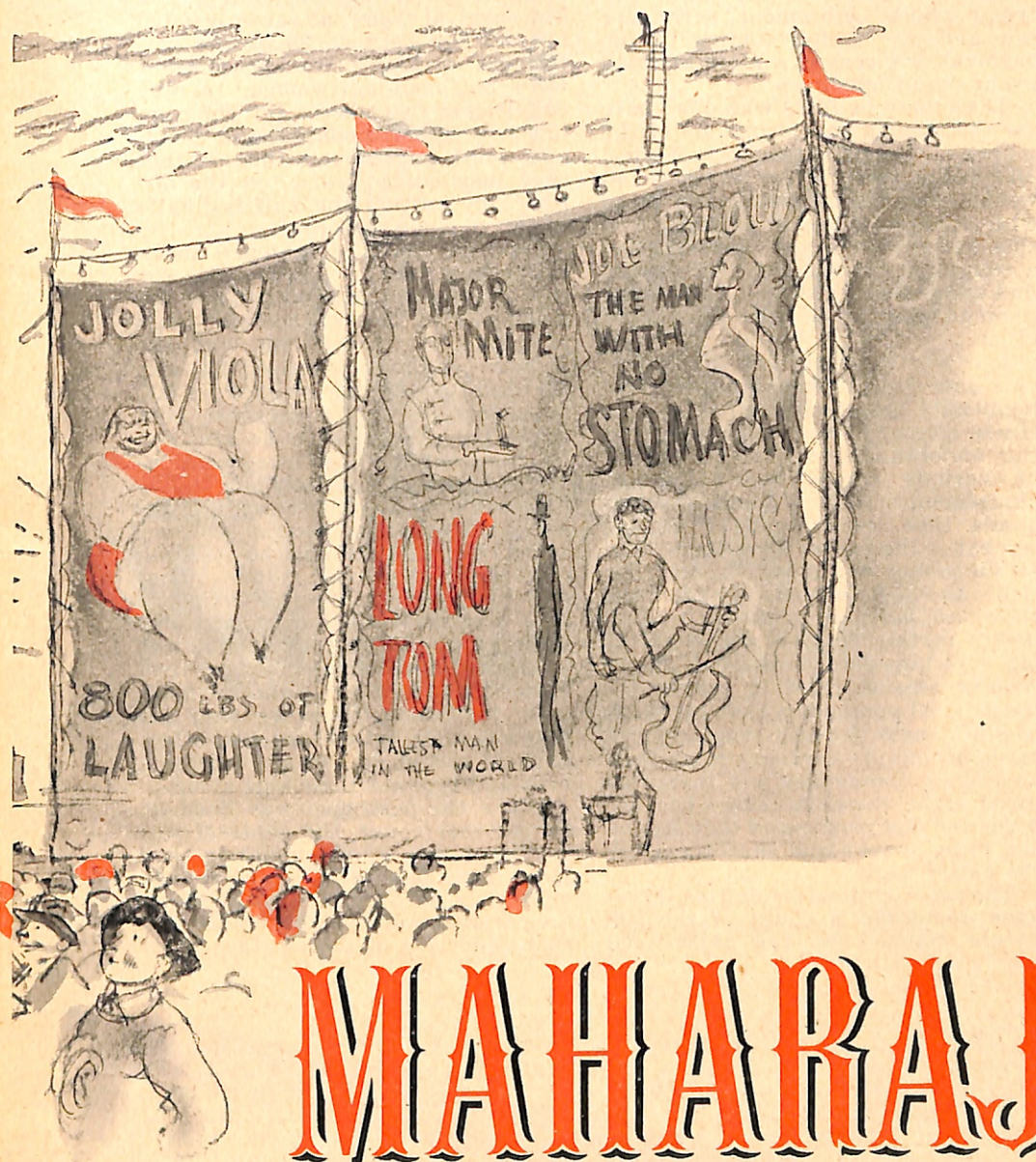
To prevent the languishing Chicago exposition from joining the long list of bloomers, showmen and concessionaires who had interests at stake went into a huddle and came up with a sure-fire idea. Next day, a leading Chicago minister broke into print with a condemnation of "that dance" at the fair. And before a second nightfall crowds were rolling into the fair grounds on a paying basis.

Newspapers in surrounding communities joined the Chicago sheets in the cry against the dancing at the exposition. The news wire services also got aboard and in less than a week a national crusade was under

way, with newspapers, clergymen, reformers and assorted bluenoses throughout the country echoing condemnation of a lewd dancing performance that nobody had seen.

As the furor increased, patronage did likewise. Visitors from near and far no longer asked the way to the Machinery Exhibit or the Horticultural Show or the Lagoons. What they all wanted to know was—usually in whispers — "Where's that dance?"

The law of supply promptly came forth to meet the law of demand. Nearly half the midway attractions turned into dancing shows, and the customers wandered from one to another seeking the "real thing". They saw just about everything, including animated grass skirts and even if they did not go home



"Carnivals or some similar form of amusement are a part of the necessary gayety of a civilized people—"

MAHARAJAHS

of the Midway

By Don C. Gillette

satisfied that they'd witnessed the one particular wiggler who outdid all others, they probably bragged that they had, no doubt magnifying what they'd seen by at least a thousand per cent—and thus the publicity pot was kept at boiling point.

Of course, it never was revealed to the public that the minister's attack setting off the fire of curiosity in "that dance" was a put-up job!

Anyway, two important things came out of that Chicago fair. One brought home the point that showmanship is indispensable in staging expositions of this kind. The other awakened a number of enterprising showmen to the gold-mine possibi-

ties of a traveling version of such midway attractions as alluring shows and thrilling riding devices.

The idea quickly flowered and fructified. From small outfits consisting of two or three rides, three or four shows and half a dozen concessions, the carnival has grown steadily until today's leading outfits require from 20 to 60 double-length railroad cars to move their equipment and personnel from stand to stand.

Champion of the lot, the 60-car

colossus of the carnival world, is the Royal American Shows, and the maharajah of this midway mammoth is a keen-eyed, imaginative and somewhat taciturn veteran named Carl J. Sedlmayr.

Though he has been a successful showman for over two decades, it is quite likely you never heard of Sedlmayr. He has no time or yen for the Broadway type of personal press-agentry that tries to make a Barnum out of any newcomer lucky enough to strike three hits out of five. Besides, up to now, the carnival and its personalities have come in for practically no attention from writers for national publications.



tainment that will appeal to the young and old of all nationalities, especially the folks in the rural districts where amusement parks are few and the annual coming of the carnival or circus is a more exciting event than Christmas.

There may be folks who don't care for the crowds and cacophony of the midway. But an attendance of some 15,000,000 weekly, for at least 40 weeks each year, proves that those who do are in the majority. And this attendance would be multiplied a couple of times if carnivals could find open lots large enough to enable them to play in or near the bigger cities.

It is worth noting, too, that carnivals have built and maintained their popularity despite the unfriendly attitude of many local authorities and the underhanded opposition tactics of various competitive forms of amusement. Among "anti" propaganda that carnivals have had to combat is the fallacy that they "take all the money out of town". Starr De Belle, an old-time carnival and circus showman, tells an amusing tale of how a certain carnival owner, playing a pickup date at the end of the regular season, tried to convince a tough local committee that his show couldn't help leaving most of its receipts behind—certainly more than any other commodity not manufactured right there in town—because it carried 500 people and they had to eat, sleep, smoke and shop there for the entire week.

The conscientious committee thereupon demanded a count of the 500 people claimed by the show. All

members of the outfit were lined up on the lot and checked off, with the committee arriving at a total of 475. The carnival owner, however, insisted he had 500 because 25 of the performers working in various annexes were half-men-half-women, thereby counting as two apiece. But the committee refused to concede this point, and word got around the lot that they insisted on filling out the 500 figure by cutting the half-and-halves in half to make two people.

Next day the 25 frightened annex attractions took a powder and the roll call showed only 450. Then the managers of the 25 half-and-halves also took it on the lam, and the show's population dropped to 425. The local committee insisted on 500 or nothing, so the carnival boss asked for a stay while he sent out hurry calls for a flock of concessionaires to join immediately.

Meanwhile a mitt-reader's manager arrived and bought midway space. He said he had no children and used only one reader. That didn't sound very hopeful, but every little helped. When dinnertime came, however, the palmist concession was swarming with kids. The carnival owner asked how come, and the manager for the mitt-reader said his wife's mother, father, sister, brother, nephew and uncle had arrived for a visit and brought their kids along.

When the personnel was lined up for another count, the contract was in the bag. The population had jumped to 525. Now that he had more than lived up to his agreement, the carnival boss demanded a five per cent deduction of the advance guar-

But Sedlmayr thinks and operates in terms that are bigger than Broadway's. You who have visited Coney Island's famous Luna Park — or Riverside in Chicago, or the Long Beach, Calif., amusement area—may think you have seen the biggest maze of amusements ever assembled under a patch of open sky. But you haven't. The Royal American midway tops them. All the rides and shows of Luna Park, or Atlantic City's boardwalk, or New Jersey's Palisades Park, could be spotted on the ground plan of the Royal American midway and still leave space for everything that Billy Rose ever staged, from "Jumbo" up to "Aquacade" and back to "Seven Lively Arts". And there'd be room yet for Mike Todd's assorted operas.

Chicago's exposition had one giant Ferris Wheel. The Royal American midway has four of them. That gives you an idea of Sedlmayr's proportions as a showman.

Size, however, is not the main attribute or objective of the carnival. What it strives for primarily is to present a magic wonderland of enter-





Illustrated by MARSHALL DAVIS

antee paid to the committee, because the show now had five per cent more personnel than the contract specified. Furthermore, the owner threatened to let the entire caravan stay on the lot until the following Wednesday, as he had paid a week's rent, and that would keep the show in town until after the committeemen's wives returned from a Chicago shopping tour on which their husbands had sent them for reasons of their own.

The show won its point. From that day on, all of this carnival's contracts carried the line under its title: "500 People and Animals".

Explanations of the carnival's mass popularity are not hard to find. Like music, dancing and drama, it has basic appeal. Just visit a mammoth midway like the Royal American and feel your eyes, ears and emotions start to tingle and dance the minute you enter the big arched gateway and behold the whirling four-abreast giant Ferris Wheels, the bouncing carousels, the gleaming flag-topped metal towers that dot the landscape, the glittering gold and silver show fronts and their gaudily painted ballyhoo banners that hold forth the promise of strange mysteries and electrifying thrills to be seen within the tented walls. Wander down the wide avenues, festively

decorated with flags and bunting, and watch the gaping, wide-eyed crowds milling their way from one show front to another, pausing here and there for an earful of a gravel-voiced platform talker's intoned "hurry, hurry, hurry" spiel as he points to posing samples of Ripley oddities, Motordrome daredevils, feminine pulchritude and other features which can be viewed more adequately within the enclosure for a mere dime or two bits.

"Right this way to the Original Adam and Eve Show!" blares a lecturer—the term "barker" is not part of carnival parlance. "For adults only! No one under 18 or over 80 years of age will be admitted. If you're under 18 you wouldn't understand it, and if you're over 80 you couldn't stand it!"

Old and corny, of course, but it still sells tickets.

Your ears are pounded by calliope music and canned compositions in several different keys—mostly off. Your nostrils fill with the smell of popcorn, taffy, hot dogs and hamburgers. Pink lemonade flows and balloons of all colors go floating before your eyes. Wondrous enough by day, the spectacle is even more fascinating when night falls and brilliant batteries of 50-million-candlepower

battleship searchlights join beams with strings of multi-colored electric lights to illuminate the teeming lay-out.

Whether or not the sight defies the dictionary, it certainly defies anyone to forget it. Especially the youngsters. And youngsters are the most important element in the carnival's growing and lasting popularity. Millions of boys and girls, first brought to a midway by parents without enough pocket money to take them into the many alluring shows or patronize all the exciting rides, immediately become carnival customers of the future. The frustrations of that first visit will be wiped out by attendance in later years. Not just once, but again and again. Nobody ever sees all there is to see at a carnival.

A large percentage of the public doesn't know the difference between a carnival and a circus, and the two are frequently confused. The circus is a performing show and usually carries only two tents, aside from its accommodations for personnel and animals. One tent is the big top where twice-daily performances are given. The other is the side show, for those who want to buy a little extra amusement before the main exhibition.

The carnival, on the other hand, is a widely diversified assemblage of individually-operated open-air rides, shows housed in their own small tents, and concession stands offering everything from games of chance and skill to novelty merchandise, food and drink—soft drinks, of course.

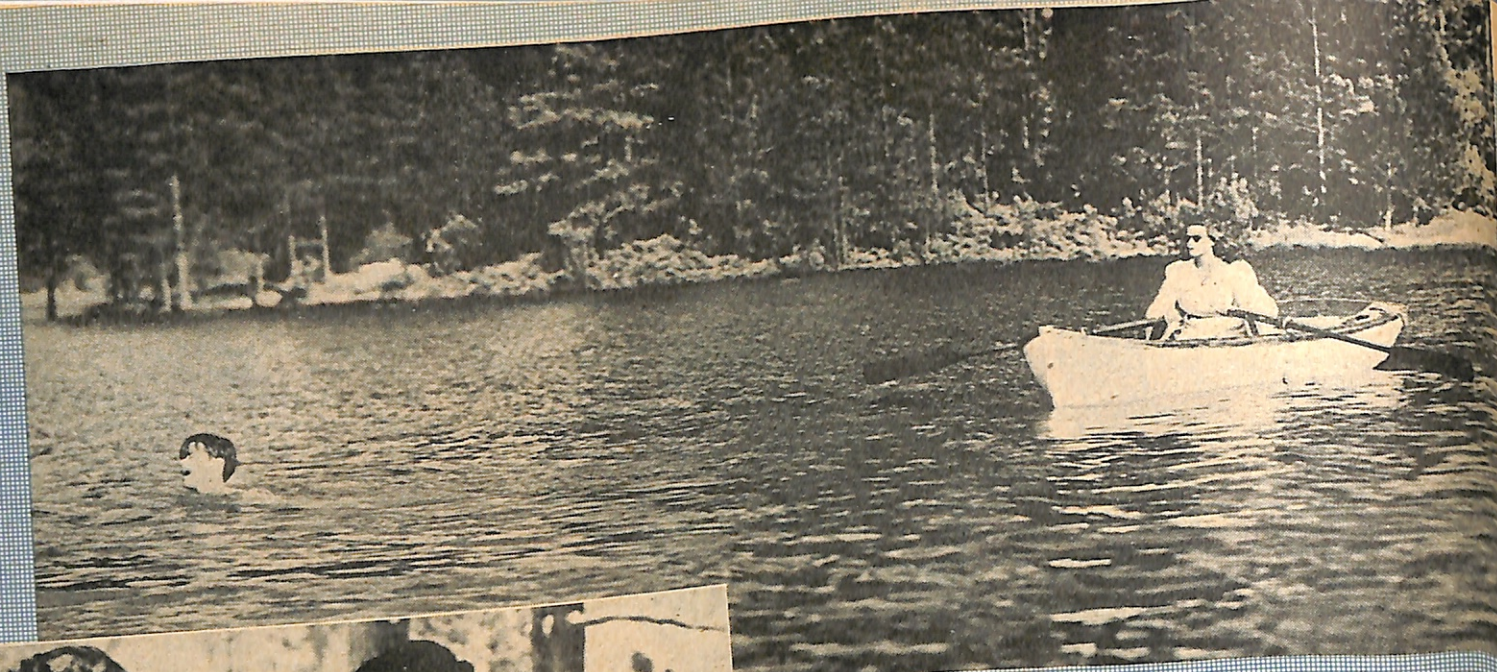
Since the circus never carries a riding device of any kind, perhaps the easiest way to tell which is which is to look for a Ferris Wheel or a merry-go-round. If you don't see any, it's a circus.

Lexicographers, librarians and chroniclers of Americana in general apparently have not had much faith in the future of the carnival, for you will find no record of it, as we are discussing it, in encyclopedias, no definition of it in dictionaries, no books about it in public libraries. Yet of all the popular forms of amusement for which an early death was predicted when movies and radio came along as symbols of a new era, the lustiest survivor is the carnival.

Circuses have dwindled from nearly 40 to less than 20. There are only about 25 tent-drama troupes left, compared with more than 400 at one time. The vaudeville circuits and burlesque wheels are no more. Minstrel shows and chautauquas are dead. The legitimate stage remains only in a few big cities, while dramatic stock is just a memory.

By all the rules of evolution, the carnival, too, should have been outmoded or eased out of the picture. Instead, it has continued to flourish and solidify its hold. The number of shows on the road this season—over 350—is practically the all-time record. Of this total, 30 are railroad shows traveling via their own special

(Continued on page 60)



Above: Gene Tierney, as one of the screen's most vicious murderesses, watches her young brother-in-law drown in the film, "Leave Her to Heaven", from the Ben Ames Williams book.



Above: Hope and Crosby are at it again in "The Road to Utopia", with wondrous results.



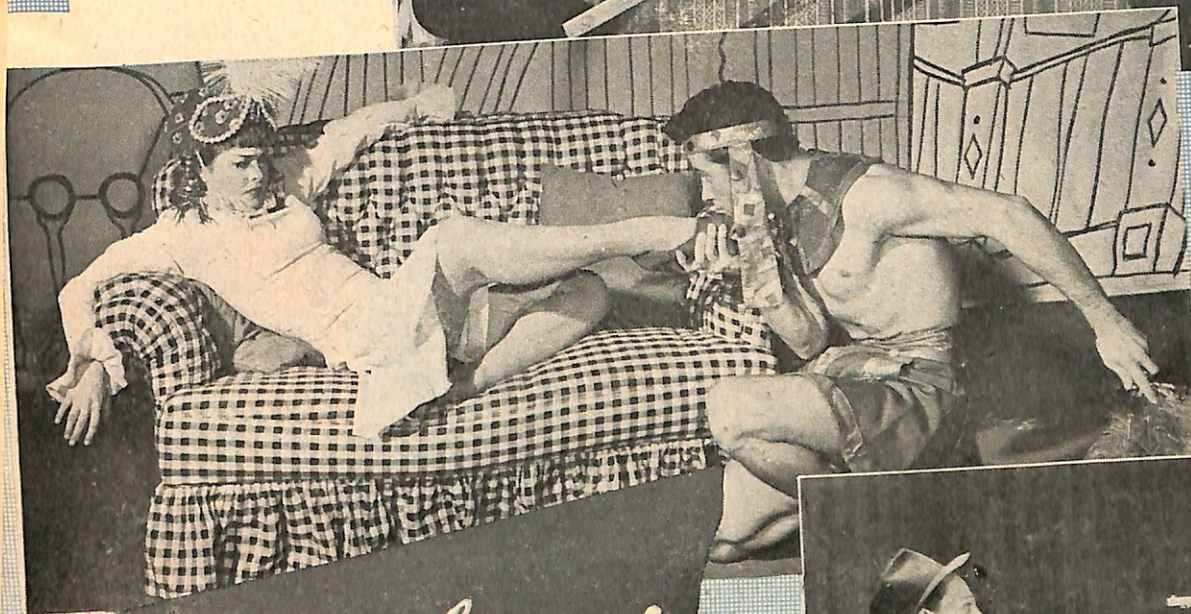
Right: Dorothy McGuire knocks herself out with fright in "The Spiral Staircase", RKO's new murder mystery.



Left: Ingrid Bergman gives one of the finest performances of the year opposite Gary Cooper in "Saratoga Trunk".

What's

Right is Betty Bruce in "The Fireman's Bride" scene from the Michael Todd comedy, "Up in Central Park", now on Broadway. One of the most successful musicals to hit New York in years, it's music, staging and libretto warrant a second or third look.



Left: Miss Joan McCracken and dancer Bill Skipper in one of the funniest scenes in "Billion Dollar Baby", the best satire New York has seen since "Pal Joey".

Playing:



Above: Miss Betty Field threatens her lovelife, Wendell Corey, in Elmer Rice's new "Dream Girl", a fragile, endearing comedy without overtones.

Left: Maurice Evans gives the performance of his life, in the production of his life, as "Hamlet", with Lili Darvas playing the Queen with understanding.



Photos from Press Association

ONCE upon a time every American schoolboy taking a foreign language studied a little more enthusiastically because he hoped some day to visit distant lands. Every farmer's son dreamed of deserting the soil for the sea and the lure of far places. And, to the newly wedded couple, a trip abroad rated as prominent a position on the "must" list as a cottage small and romping children.

Eventually many fulfilled this ambition to travel. They saved money, studied the travel folders and at 30 or 40 realized their dream of visiting foreign places. They filled the luxury liners, brought gaiety and life to distant resorts and cities and made the tourist trade a leading business for many nations.

Today the situation is changed, and thoughtful men in the travel field are frankly worried to find it so. For, thanks to the armed forces,

many a beardless youth today has a travel record which would make the average counter clerk at American Express or Thomas Cook's hide behind the nearest rack of cruise literature for fear of revealing his ignorance. And the new generation of potential travelers is made up precisely of these men—of sailors who have literally sailed the seven seas, of Marines who know not a couple but a dozen South Sea island "paradises", of soldiers whose itineraries have made the grand tour of Europe look as insignificant as a day's outing on the lake in the next county.

Now, all this would be to the good except for the fact that ninety-five out of every hundred servicemen have come to look on foreign lands with jaundiced eyes and returned home with a distaste which often borders on the violent. To hear many of them talk, they are convinced that anyone wishing to travel farther than

the neighborhood movie or the corner drug store is a little touched in the head and ought to be forcibly restrained for his own good.

My friend George is an excellent example of this kind of thinking. Twenty-four hours after reaching a replacement camp in a foreign land George wrote his wife, "When I first got here I was going to buy a lot of souvenirs, but now I don't want anything around afterwards that will ever remind me of this joint again. The people are dirty, the little narrow streets smell to high heaven, there's a beggar every other foot; there's nothing in the shops and the few souvenirs I could buy aren't as good as the stuff you can get in the dime store at home."

Will George ever want to travel to foreign countries again? Will millions of other Georges from the armed forces ever want to travel again? On the answer to these ques-



tions hinges the fate not only of an important segment of the travel business but also—and far more important—perhaps even America's relations with the rest of the world. For misunderstandings and attitudes of resentment and dislike on the part of ex-servicemen may well hamper if not badly cripple the United States in its future dealings with other nations of the globe.

Fundamentally most of this misunderstanding and resentment springs from attitudes harbored deeply in the subconscious of practically every traveler. Almost everyone goes abroad with the idea that foreign countries will be chockful of gingerbread castles, with peasants in colorful costumes dancing in the streets and every merchant begging one to buy \$20 souvenirs marked down to \$1.98 for one's special benefit. The reality is far different, but the average peacetime traveler remains so short a time that he does not need adjust to it.

Servicemen, on the other hand, usually went unwillingly to foreign lands and could not pack up a day or so after reaching port to go on to

GI Joe, World Traveler

By Al Frantz

**A new generation
of travelers looks
to the future**



other places which held promise of more glamor and story-book wonders. Instead, taken in by their own misconceptions and often genuinely shocked by foreign conditions, they made little or no effort to understand their surroundings but found refuge in resentment and bitterness.

Harry is a good example. His first day in India he bought from a street peddler for \$3.00 a ruby which turned out to be three cents worth of red glass, and badly cut glass at that. He had not stopped to consider that the peddler was in beggar's clothing, maintained no place of business and obviously rarely had the price even of a cup of coffee, let alone his stock of rubies, moonstones, cat's eyes and a diamond or two. Harry stuck himself but instead of realizing so he became bitter toward all Indians.

Johnnie, on the other hand, could never comprehend that ordinary supplies had become fabulous luxuries in many foreign countries. He quit going to a major North African city

(Continued on page 65)

The Grass Roots of BUSINESS

By William McGarry

Illustrations from the Warshaw Collection
of Business Americana

A FAMOUS economist once remarked that the only fundamental difference between the United States and every other country in the world was in its way of getting things done. The direct methods established here frequently flaunted tradition and ran contrary to all the previous experience of human history. Its mass production plants were regarded by the old world as the monsters of Frankenstein. Yet they worked—to pack more material progress into the past three quarters of a century than had ever been made before in a thousand years.

Enough books have been written about the industrial revolution to fill a library, particularly with reference to the last fifty years. But just when it was thought the story had been completely told, a new chapter has turned up. Big Business, it develops now, is only the end product of a lot of little businesses. It was not only unlimited land and raw materials and a more or less invigorating climate that made this country spurt. Other peoples had those advantages and stayed where they were put for centuries. Other peoples had brains.

What they didn't have was something in the air—the air of freedom that enabled every man to be his own boss. This gave rise to the first instance of actual over-production in history. It was in a field that had been forbidden to the masses for six or seven thousand years, for the invasion of which even some very distinguished commoners had lost their heads. The overproduction is in the field of ideas and is still going on, as instanced recently by the atom bomb and the electron accelerator producing an X-ray of 100,000,000 volts and transforming energy into matter.

SINCE MY DAUGHTER PLAYS ON THE TYPE-WRITER

Words and Music

Written Expressly for
the Prince of
Minstrels



"Life is too short to
write the old way."

The Caligraph.



MR. WM.

EMERSON

THOS. P. GETZ,

Author of "How I Got Even with O'Grady," "The Picture of My Baby on the Wall," Etc.

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Desinger Bros., Printers & Engravers, Bond & Glen Park.

EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION!!

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF

HER ROYAL
HIGHNESS THE
PRINCESS
AUGUSTA.



THE
NOBILITY,
GENTRY, &c. &c.

209, REGENT STREET,
The INDUSTRIOUS
FLEAS.

A FIRST RATE
MAN OF WAR,
120 GUNS,

With Sails, Rigging, Anchors, and every thing requisite in a real
Three Decker, (not forgetting a numerous Crew), which placed on
a gold Car, with 4 wheels, is

Drawn by a Single Flea!

2nd. A Four-Wheeled Carriage on Springs, Four Persons in-
side, Coachman on the Box, and Footman behind, also Drawn by
a Single Flea.

3rd. A gold Chain of 200 links to which a Flea is chained by
its hind foot, drawing it with a gold ball at the other extremity.

4th. Flea with gold saddle, bridle, &c. rode by figures of pro-
portionable size, representing **BUONAPARTE**, his Aid-de-Camp
and his Marshaluke Roustan, all in complete uniform.

5th. A Gold and Silver Well, with a beautiful gold Chain at the
extremity of which two buckets are suspended, which a Flea draws
up and lets down so as to appear to draw Water from the well.

6th. Two Fleas deciding an **AFFAIR OF HONOUR**, **SWORD**
in HAND, on an appropriate Champ d'Honneur, i.e. Fighting a Duel
A Wheel where the Fleas learn to Walk, in imitation of a squirrel's
cage, and which it will keep constantly in motion.

Two powerful Microscopes, through which the Flea will be ex-
hibited in all its changes.

It is needless to add, that the beauty of the works, and the pre-
serving of these little insects for their task, are the chief objects
of admiration.

OPEN FROM 10 TILL DUNE, ADMITTING ONE SHILLING.

The pattern of life
in this country for the
past century is
reflected in business'
means of reaching
the public

labels, cardboard boxes, catalogs, timetables, calendars, posters and folders and Yankee trade cards. The best engravers of the day and later the best pen-and-ink men were hired to illustrate the blurbs. Later the leading song-writers got lucrative jobs writing ditties extolling the flood of new gadgets coming on the market, and the most popular minstrels plugged the songs. Even the sheet music was handed out for free.

Vociferously, according to their means, the idea men of the early Nineteenth Century battled for the public ear. There had been a lot of this by pamphleteers in politics here and in other countries before. Snake oil had been sold to cure everything by free traveling shows since no one knew when. But here was something different—a man on a soap box at Philadelphia's City Hall square offering to make people rich with the ridiculous idea that the human voice could be sent for miles over a copper wire—for a nickel a share. Another man named Spencer in 1861 trying to convince his fellow citizens that it was silly to depend on the goose for a writing instrument when a steel pen was much better.

All of this and a lot more was put on paper and actually given away. At first the paper was confined to pamphlets. Then the messages of entrepreneurs in the brave new world began to appear on wrapping paper,



The Warshaw Collection of Business Americana is now said by educators and historians to be the only central source of this material, discarded when it had served its momentary usefulness because it was only advertising. Under 750 classifications, the collection has upwards of a million items containing information put out by the nation's go-getters as far back as a hundred and fifty years ago, much of which cannot be found anywhere else. The items reveal how, when and where thousands of little enterprises got started and grew up to conquer a wilderness and get the money to pay for the world's largest educational system, libraries, museums, parks, hospitals and research laboratories.

A major item of interest in the collection—to thousands of businessmen interested in automatic or coin-in-the-slot merchandising—is a small, pocket-size, paper-back book entitled "Tourist's Delight", dated 1889 and published at 83 Nassau Street, New York City. The back page carries the announcement that it is one of a series of popular novels by favorite authors, complete in every number, published every Wednesday, and "for sale everywhere, through the Automatic Boxes, price 5 cents".

Touring had become an important infant industry in the reconstruction years following the Civil War. Hundreds of enterprising travel agents were competing for the business. But the trains were so slow that travel became a bore. So a now long forgotten New York group formed the Tourist's Delight Publishing Company—which is not important. The significant point is that they set out to put a nickel-in-the-slot ma-

chine in every railway station in the country long before the "one-armed-bandit" or gambling machine had been thought up.

Apparently the plan died a-borning, since the only copy of the series that has turned up is No. 5 of Volume 1. But even though no record of the machine has been located so far, here is factual evidence that the beginnings of a billion-dollar business—coin machine merchandising—are to be found more than half a century ago as a by-product of the tourist trade. Here also was the start of the cheap book business, only now coming into its own in the flood of twenty-five-cent paper-back issues.

The collection conclusively proves

that though this nation has grown by reason of individual enterprise, no business ever begins or stands alone. Each one arises from, and in turn creates others exactly in accord with, natural biological processes. There is nothing mythological about business. It just doesn't spring Phoenix-like from the brow of Jove. Innumerable examples of this are available in the collection, and perhaps the most important is the new use developed in this country for lithography—to the horror of the high-brows.

A man named Alois Senefelder discovered this process in Germany in 1798. For half a century its progress was like the pace of the snail. Most people thought of it only as another art form for artists. Commercial uses were limited to printing on calico and to sheet music. Then European craftsmen who had learned the trick of lithographic printing began to drift into this country. A lot of them joined the famous Gold Rush of the forty-niners.

On the long trek west these men found time to make records of the towns, villages and majestic natural wonders marking their various routes. Paper being at a premium or unobtainable at any price, they located deposits of soft lithographic stone. These were sent back east. They were snapped up by publishers of sheet music, subsidized by piano

(Continued on page 49)



Bennett Cerf, author of "Laughing Stock" published by Grosset and Dunlap.



Photo By Halsman

What America is Reading

By Harry Hansen

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE, the man who became famous as the author of "All Quiet on the Western Front", has written a new novel, "Arch of Triumph", about the bitter experiences of an Austrian surgeon in Paris. It will be widely read because the Book of the Month Club has chosen it for distribution to its half a million readers. But it is neither pleasant nor profitable reading, and I doubt that it has much validity as a picture of the life of refugees in Paris. The sordid background is no doubt true; Dr. Ravic has to take difficult surgical jobs for small fees while the credit goes to well-known doctors, and, to eke out a living, has to become medical inspector in dives. His personal experiences embitter his memories and he hopes some day to revenge himself on the overbearing and cruel Nazi officer who abused him, just as Morosow, former officer of the Czar's armies and now a door-

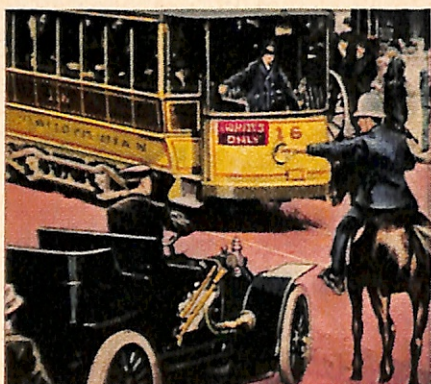
man, plots revenge against his enemies. But as time goes on he changes. He has been "a refugee from everything that is permanent" and his values are unsettled. He takes up with a woman who is in the depths of depression, and she in turn needs him and another man to satisfy her cravings, and finds solace in neither. The incidents pile up in Mr. Remarque's well-known manner; his invention never once flags and the novel holds your interest as long as he describes people and their mishaps, and even Ravic's surgical experiences, with great detail. But the soul-searching of Ravic and Joan seems forced and overdone. There is deep feeling in the story, and the sympathy Ravic feels for torn, bruised, misguided human nature softens the picture of misery and turns aside hate; in the end the human race, portrayed through its erring, injured and crafty members,

parades past in this story, as did the members of the platoon described in Mr. Remarque's story of the war. I do not, however, find that it describes "a culture nearing its inevitable end." (D. Appleton-Century, \$3)

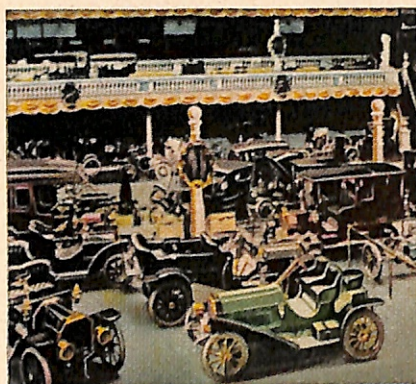
SABEL SCOTT RORICK'S "Mr. and Mrs. Cugat" is a pretty famous book by now, and her latest, "Outside Eden", continues with the home life of the Cugats who are not related to the well-known band leader. There have been plenty of stories about husbands and wives, just as sketches about them abound on the air waves—all decidedly popular. But I think I know why Mrs. Rorick's stories are so well liked. Not at any time does

(Continued on page 54)

When do you get your new car?



1898 THE PUBLIC desire for new cars has had its ups and downs. When autos first appeared, they were considered a plaything for the "lunatic fringe." Practically nobody wanted a car at this time when the name Corby's Whiskey reached its 40th year of fame in Canada.



1909 AUTOS BECAME a convenience. Nearly 200,000 people wanted cars, but production was still hand work and slow. Buyers expected to wait six months for delivery in this year when Corby's passed its half-century mark as a great Canadian whiskey name.



1938 SUPER-SALESMANSHIP sold only two million cars, although the industry was geared to produce four million a year. Purchase and delivery of a new car was a matter of minutes when Corby's approached its 80th year of renown as a Canadian name.



1946 THERE'S DEMAND for 15 million new cars. The industry hopes for a six-million-a-year schedule. This may be exceeded. But you *might* have to wait two years for a new car. Best bet: while you plan and wait, enjoy your evenings with Corby's, the light, sociable blended whiskey. Brought to the U.S.A. from Canada five years ago, the name Corby's is well worth asking for in your bar or store.



Look for me
on every
Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

War Correspondent
Coles Phillips
GHQ-PRO, APO500
FPO San Francisco



VIA AIR MAIL

Letters from a Correspondent



OUR TELEPHONE
SYSTEM IN MANILA
IS JAPANESE
SECRET WEAPON
NO. 1

Official U. S. Navy Photo



Coles Phillips

In this issue, The Elks Magazine is publishing the last of the private letters sent by its War Correspondent, Coles Phillips, to the Acting Editor, F. Richard Anderson.

The sudden and unexpected end of the war made obsolete the material collected by Mr. Phillips for articles. It was therefore decided to publish a type of correspondence which is not outdated by the cessation of hostilities and which tells the everyday life of a writer overseas.

June 26, 1945

Dear Dick:

I am writing this from some place not only obscure but never even heard of, in the Sulu Sea. The only people who ever heard of it are Sulus, and they know so little about it that they call themselves Moros. We are going in on an invasion operation, and there is so much secrecy or snafu or both that everyone is in a total state of mental blackout. We don't know nothin', we don't say nothin', we just keep rollin' along.

Invasions are so unpredictable that there is no telling whether this one is going to be one of those where you walk ashore carrying sandwiches in your musette bag, or whether you stay off-shore and slug it out. I am on an LCI (Landing Craft, Infantry) with a large number of reporters (maybe thirty) many of whom are Australians as this is largely an Aussie show. The reporters vary in age from young to fifty, but we are alike in that we say to one an-

other in undertones, "What am I doing here?" Well, what are we doing here?"

So far we are lying off-shore in this strange place waiting for a D-Day, and trying to stay out of a sun that is crowding the equator. The guys spend their time and substance, bartering from the natives who come out in outriggers bearing their wares and chewing betel nuts. They smell, are all hungry and don't wear enough clothes. Evidently ships which have been here before bought things with money, but the natives soon got wise that money is no good to them, so believe it or not, they buy our old clothes for five or six pesos—or more than they were worth new. They'll do anything for clothes or a mattress cover. This a.m. there was spirited bidding for bolos (krises) or native knives. Dalton Trumbo, a screen writer ("Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", "Kitty Foyle", "A Guy Named Joe", etc.) paid two hundred pesos for a bolo and thereby upset the entire economic system of the Southwest Pacific. Another

guy got one for two old shirts, two pairs of pants and thirty pesos. I swapped a pair of pants for a native hat for Isabelle and a bunch of bananas and a pineapple for me. I hope my good wife never sees what the hat was on.

At the present moment we are tied up in this harbor which shall be nameless both to you and to me, refueling. (Note: Mr. Phillips was on his way through the Celebes Sea in the Straights of Macassar on what subsequently developed to be the amphibious invasion of Borneo. Censorship prevented his giving this information at the time the letters were written.) The vultures and jackals are all out in their little outriggers, yelling, "Hey, Joe, nice bolo, Joe. One peso, two mattress covers, Joe." I am writing in a room in the extreme bow of the ship; it has been fitted out with tables and benches and very bright electric lights for the benefit of us fellows who make with the words.

We sleep in one of two bunkrooms, each of which can accommodate about fifty men. The canvas bunks are in tiers of four. Last night I slept under a gentleman from Erie, Pa., name of Omelian. He is a prominent member of Erie Lodge. Below me was a young captain, the press relations officer sent along with us by General LeGrande Diller, who was in charge of the Army Press Relations for General MacArthur. The captain is a restless sleeper, with long legs and sharp knees, long arms with pointed elbows, broad shoulders with knife-like shoulder-blades, and a hard head. All of these protuberances came into violent contact with me during the night.

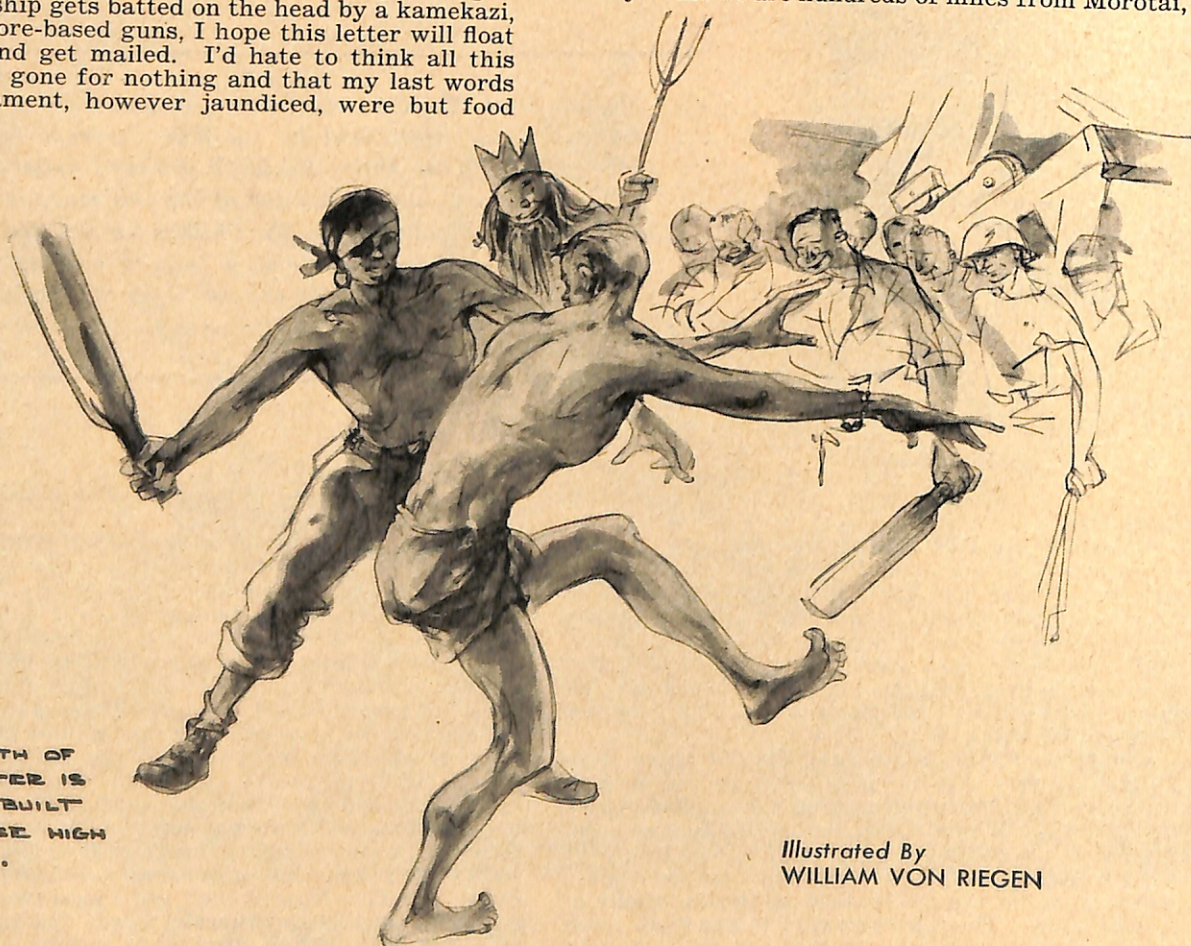
If this ship gets batted on the head by a kamekazi, or the shore-based guns, I hope this letter will float around and get mailed. I'd hate to think all this work had gone for nothing and that my last words and testament, however jaundiced, were but food for fish.

So far as I have been able to determine, by means of piecing together bits and jots of information, rumor, skuttlebutt and plain-out lies, the plan is that we are to join up with a task force at some point undisclosed as yet, and make an amphibious landing with the assault force. But nobody ever tells me anything. The landing is to be made on a large island to the south of us, just over the equator, and while this is not the first invasion made on the island, it is the most important one and considerable opposition can be expected. However, the Japs are as incalculable and mercurial as ever, and they may retire into the hills and jungles without offering resistance to the landing. I hope.

This junket took off from Manila at eight-thirty Monday morning. We took a landing craft out to Cavite, and there transferred to two PBY Catalinas, painted black and manned by Aussies, nine of them to each Cat. After a farcical interlude of snafu, during which we transferred innumerable times from landing craft to truck to landing craft to one plane and then the other, we took off at 10:30.

It was a calm, uneventful flight over a flat sea; Cats are extremely uncomfortable, as you sit on engine boxes and what-not of a mechanical nature and as a result, when we came down six hours later most of the boys were Dead-End Charlies.

We had been mendaciously informed that we were bound for Morotai, probably because once you tell a newspaperman anything—"Here comes Loud-mouth, now everybody's going to know about it." In any event we are hundreds of miles from Morotai,



THE TEUTH OF
THE MATTER IS
I'M NOT BUILT
FOR THESE HIGH
JINX.

Illustrated By
WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

and don't ask me why on God's earth we flew down here Monday. We could have come down today and still have gone with the LCI, christened "*Holiday Routine*". The LCI was not in the harbor when we debarked from the plane, and some forty of us, correspondents and crews, went aboard a big seaplane tender for the night. It developed that we were completely unexpected (more snafu) so we were assigned cots on the deck and slept there. In the main the ship was a base for fliers operating in and out of this area and their resentment at our advent was not only noticeable but distinctly unpleasant. The ship's company treated us hospitably but the fliers, the Glamor Boys, said, in just these words, that the sooner we left them the better they would like it. I pointed out that we hadn't asked to come aboard the darned ship, that we were acting under Army orders too, and that if we never saw them or the tender again it would be counted as a special dispensation from God.

On this acrimonious note we debarked from the Hell Ship on the following morning for the LCI. And now you know everything I do. We just sit around on railings and cleats and gangways waiting for chow and our D-Day. No one appears to be in the slightest degree apprehensive, although for a good many of us this is the first experience of its kind. Our main occupation seems to be maintaining an equable relationship with one another and going out of our ways to outdo one another in old-school courtesy. *Quelle politesse*.

As to future plans, the group I am with will probably go in to shore with the last wave; we expect to stay ashore about two days, and will then make the flight back to Manila. There I intend to wind things up and go back to Guam. And then to 12 Beekman Place which is equipped with a wife and porcelain conveniences.

I was issued one of those zoot suits which is covered all over with green and brown leopard spots. It is eight inches too long in the legs. The other guys all have the conventional green coveralls, but Manila had run out of these so I am going to be a figure of fun to my colleagues. Fully accoutered, I

wear the coveralls, tin hat (I think it weighs about thirty-five pounds), canteen, K-rations, first-aid kit, heavy boots, and I presumably carry my typewriter, all opened up and fitted with paper and an eraser. What I would like would be a little teeny pearl-handled revolver, if only a .22, like ladies have in the movies. Or even a long hatpin. But no. No weapons. Three Boy Scouts, sufficiently determined, could take me prisoner.

And what's more, I have yet to see a Mae West or a life jacket. This fact leads me to suspect that possibly—just possibly—we will transfer from this diminutive craft to a major fleet unit. On most operations there is a large communications ship—sometimes a battleship, sometimes a carrier. However, my hopes are dampened by the fact that there is a communications ship alongside us, and it is, believe it or not, a TUGBOAT!

It is the strangest thing what pieces of equipment one carries afford the most comfort. So far I have found most helpful a box of Kleenex, and a box of Charms lemon drops. Also I brought a pair of khaki felt, ropesoled slippers and they are invaluable. I am one of the few guys who had sense enough to bring a can of lighter fluid too, and shorts and a bottle of witch hazel—so all in all I am pretty comfortable.

The other guys are maintaining a running poker game which keeps them amused. This brings me to the subject of recreation on this trip.

There has been exactly none since I left the States, except reading and going to the free movies provided by the different services. I dined out three times, once in San Francisco, once in Honolulu, and once in Manila; at Guam I was automatically a member of the Officers Club, and every afternoon we gathered there for the Happy Hour.

However, there are no equivalent clubs at Manila, and liquor costs eighty pesos a bottle, and I believe I told you about the local brew which I never did

(Continued on page 36)

WE SCRAMBLED INTO AN L.C.V.P.





Above is a photograph taken when Ticonderoga, N. Y., Lodge presented a Drinker-Collins Iron Lung to the Moses Luddington Hospital.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., Lodge, No. 324, celebrated its 50th Anniversary on November 21st by burning the mortgage on its \$400,000 home. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan of Queens Borough Lodge No. 878 was the principal speaker of the evening and tribute was paid the two surviving charter members of No. 324—Harry Solomon and William F. Harkins.

SILVER SPRING, MD., Lodge, No. 1677, is sponsoring the formation of a Boys' Club in its area, and recently broadcast the news over Washington, D. C., airwaves.

The project is endorsed by the Montgomery County Board of Education and has the full cooperation of the Chief of Police and the members of the Juvenile Court.

TICONDEROGA, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1494, put on a 48-hour drive and collected \$2,800 for a Drinker-Collins Iron Lung. When D.D. Edward E. MacMillan learned that four cases of polio had broken out in the village he proposed that No. 1494 sponsor the purchase of the Lung, which has since been presented to the Moses Luddington Hospital.

NORWICH, CONN., Lodge, No. 430, really went to town when more than 1,100 returned veterans and local men still in uniform were given a terrific welcome-home party in the Masonic Temple. A huge electric sign across the front of the building let the guests know how welcome they were even before they got to the party.

E.R. Thomas Dorsey started things off, and then the Boxing Committee took over. With Billy Pedace as announcer, Joe Kapteina as timer and Lt. Commander Billy Taylor as referee, the boys were treated to eight bouts put on by Navy boxers, who went at it hammer and tongs, pulling no punches.

After the last bout, mess call was sounded and there was a grand rush for

chow which was served buffet style with more than enough for everyone.

With all appetites sated, the boys again jammed the auditorium for a professional vaudeville show. Right in the middle of the proceedings, in walked Comm. Benny Leonard, former lightweight champion of the world, and Sam Traub, radio sports announcer, who brought down the house with their stories. The U. S. Coast Guard Band played at intervals during the evening, giving a concert before the first bout.

Below are new members of Hagerstown, Md., Lodge with their officers and the officers of Frederick Lodge who were guests.





Above is the Victory Class, with the lodge officers, of San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge.

IA. STATE ELKS ASSN. Winding up its annual midwinter session with a big bang at Council Bluffs, Saturday, December 8th, the Iowa State Association announced plans to provide recreation for the State's three veterans' hospitals. Gifts will include tennis, golf equipment and radios, bowling alleys for Knoxville, juke boxes for Des Moines and bicycles for Clinton. The Iowa Elks War Commission, through its Chairman, Weston E. Jones, Secy. of Charles City Lodge, is doing a terrific job—welcoming returning service men and women and helping them to adjust themselves to their new lives.

The annual report was delivered with State Pres. C. L. Mattice of Fort Dodge presiding. Other speakers were P.E.R. R. E. Zerwekh of Perry, Chairman of the Juvenile Service Commission, and V. O. Dickson, Burlington, Chairman of the P.E.R.'s Assn. Saturday night was made exciting by a banquet and dance attended by more than 300 of the delegates and their ladies, who represented 35 of Iowa's 38 lodges. The three-day conference

ended with Sunday morning's hearty breakfast followed by a round-table discussion. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner of Dixon, Ill., was the speaker.

LACONIA, N. H., Lodge, No. 876, initiated 62 new members in its Victory Class on November 25th in the gymnasium of the Laconia High School. D.D. William J. O'Grady of Nashua visited the lodge officially that night and Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan of Boston was the guest speaker.

P.E.R. Charles F. Shastany, Treasurer for 35 years, received an Honorary Life Membership and a fifty-dollar bill in token of his fifty years in the U.S. Postal Service. The meeting was in charge of P.E.R.'s Frederick A. Tilton, Acting Exalted

Ruler, and Secy. Walter A. Harkins. P.E.R. John F. O'Loughlin, acting as chief food dispenser, served about 500 members at the lodge home after the initiatory meeting. Laconia Lodge now boasts the largest membership in New Hampshire.

BATTLE CREEK, MICH., Lodge, No. 131, has dipped deep into its treasury to entertain soldiers at Fort Custer. The record shows that these Elks have entertained over 33,000 in the last four years. No. 131 has \$55,000 invested in War Bonds.

LANCASTER, CALIF., Lodge, No. 1625, is extremely altruistic—its latest gesture of generosity being the portable resuscitator it presented to the community. In the past, many lives were lost through lack of necessary equipment in an emergency. Now the sheriff's office houses the resuscitator and the sheriff's deputy or members of the fire department will rush it to the scene of an accident any hour, day or night.

E.R. H. W. Hunter appointed a committee to keep an eye on the machine so that it will always be in good working condition, and a group of Elks has been trained to use it so that an operator will be available at all times.



Left: Some of the lads of Boy Scout Troop No. 25 who went through their paces for their sponsors, Santa Monica, Calif., Lodge.

Below: At a recent meeting of Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, those standing were initiated by the World War I and II veterans, seated.





Above is a photograph taken when D.D. John S. Frazier visited Wilkesburg, Pa., Lodge. Several of those pictured were initiated in honor of Mr. Frazier.

Right: Those who participated in the burning of the mortgage on Buckhead, Ga., Lodge's home were, left to right, Gov. Ellis Arnall, E. R. R. B. Irwin, D. D. Paul Henson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland.



**Notice Regarding
Applications for Residence
At Elks National Home**

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

TRENTON, N. J., Lodge, No. 105, was given formal recognition of what it has done to entertain those in the Services during the war when Col. Jay E. Gillfillan, CO of the 1249th Service Command unit, presented to No. 105 a Certificate of Merit on behalf of the commanding general of the Second Service Command.

The presentation was made at the home of Trenton Lodge with Mayor Andrew J. Duch, a member of the lodge, introducing the Colonel, and William T. Phillips of New York No. 1 Lodge, representing the Elks War Commission. Mr. Phillips presented certificates to 25 hostesses who were such a vital part of the success of Trenton Lodge's Fraternal Center.

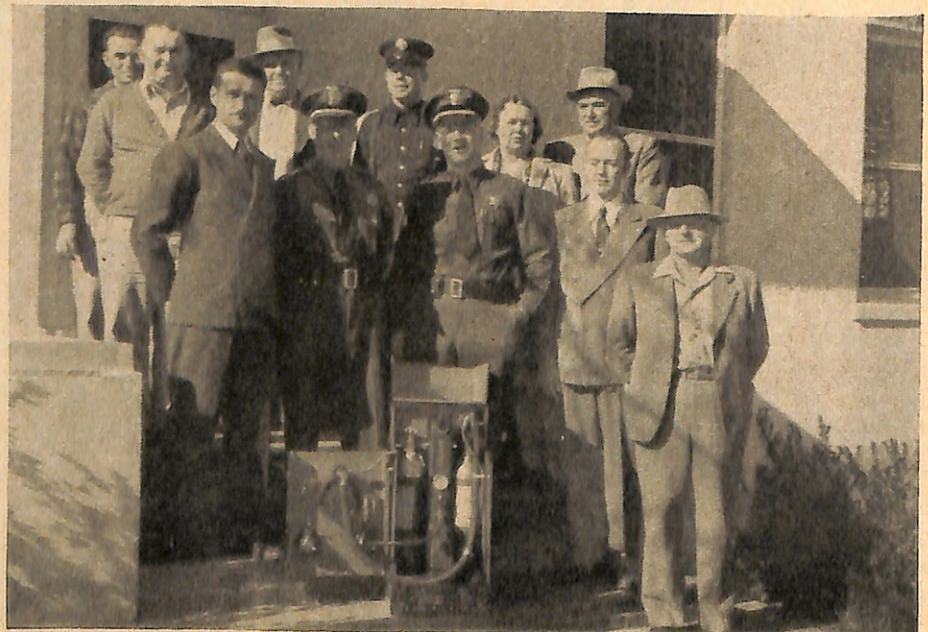
The Center was opened officially in October, 1942, and since then more than 182,000 service men and women have been made welcome there. Regular dances were held—470 in all, with 309 special company dances and 24 formal holiday affairs. The Game Room, which was a big drawing card, was opened in February, 1944. Thirty-five \$25 Bonds and 75 cash prizes have been awarded to the men through

funds raised by the hostesses. Chairman Joseph S. Loth of the lodge's War Activities Committee also received a letter of appreciation from the American Red Cross. He announced that 21 visits to Tilton General Hospital and the Annex Hospital at Fort Dix were made since Dec., 1944, with each visit including entertainment, hostesses and refreshments.

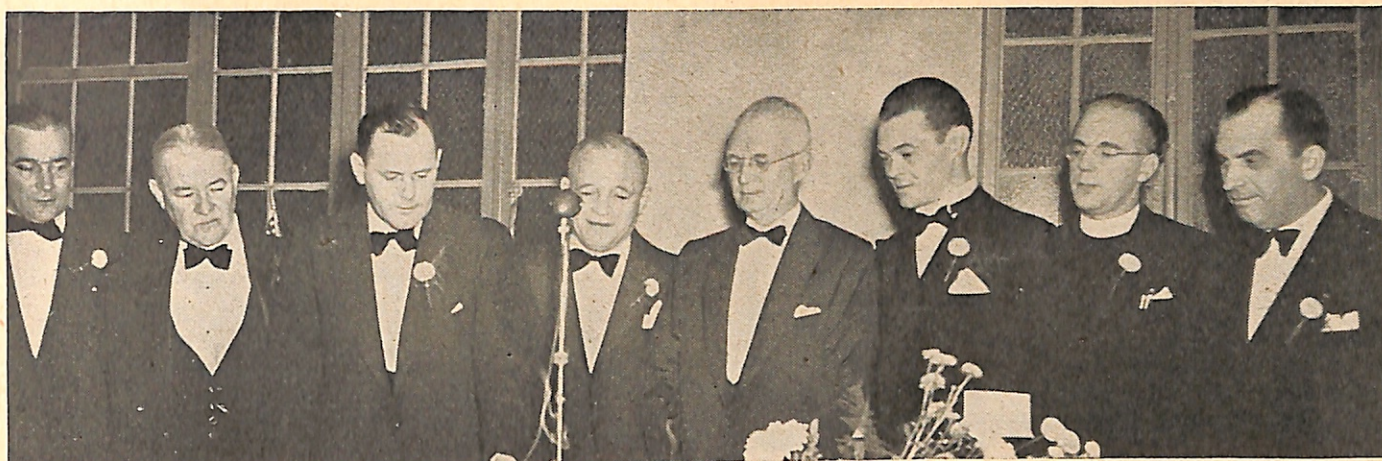
No. 105 will not rest on its laurels. Dances will continue, the Game Room will remain open and visits to hospitals and the Fort Dix Army Air Base will go on as long as men are stationed there.

BATON ROUGE, LA., Lodge, No. 490, threw a party for more than 40 orphan children recently and they all went away feeling very happy. Each child was given a warm, goodlooking outfit to wear and after they had put on their new clothes, a style show was held. They all looked so good to the judges that every child got a prize.

Games were played and the usual soda pop, candy, cookies, ice cream, etc., were served. The grown-ups got as big a kick out of the afternoon's festivities as the children did.



Right is a photograph taken when Lancaster, Calif., Lodge presented a portable resuscitator to the city.



Above, from left to right, are State Pres. Ronald J. Dunn, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, E.R. F. J. Parke, Trustees, Ben Cohen, State Treas. C. Y. Cushman and P.E.R. H. L. Stanton, Rev. E. F. Anable and George I. Hall, Secy. of the Board of Grand Trustees, when Binghamton, N. Y., Lodge's mortgage was burned.



Left: The announcement of the formation of a Boys' Club sponsored by Silver Spring, Md., Lodge is made over Washington, D. C., airwaves by, left to right, C. W. Hendrix, Chairman of the Committee; radio newscaster Charley Kopeland and D.D. Ambrose A. Durkin.

SHEBOYGAN, WIS., Lodge, No. 299, brought in 20 new members December 4th to mark its Golden Jubilee. E.R. John S. Walter headed the team of officers who did the honors and D.D. H. R. Abraham conducted an inspection of the lodge and spoke briefly. Other visitors from Mr. Abraham's home lodge, Oshkosh No. 292, and from Fond du Lac Lodge No. 57, enjoyed lunch and entertainment later.

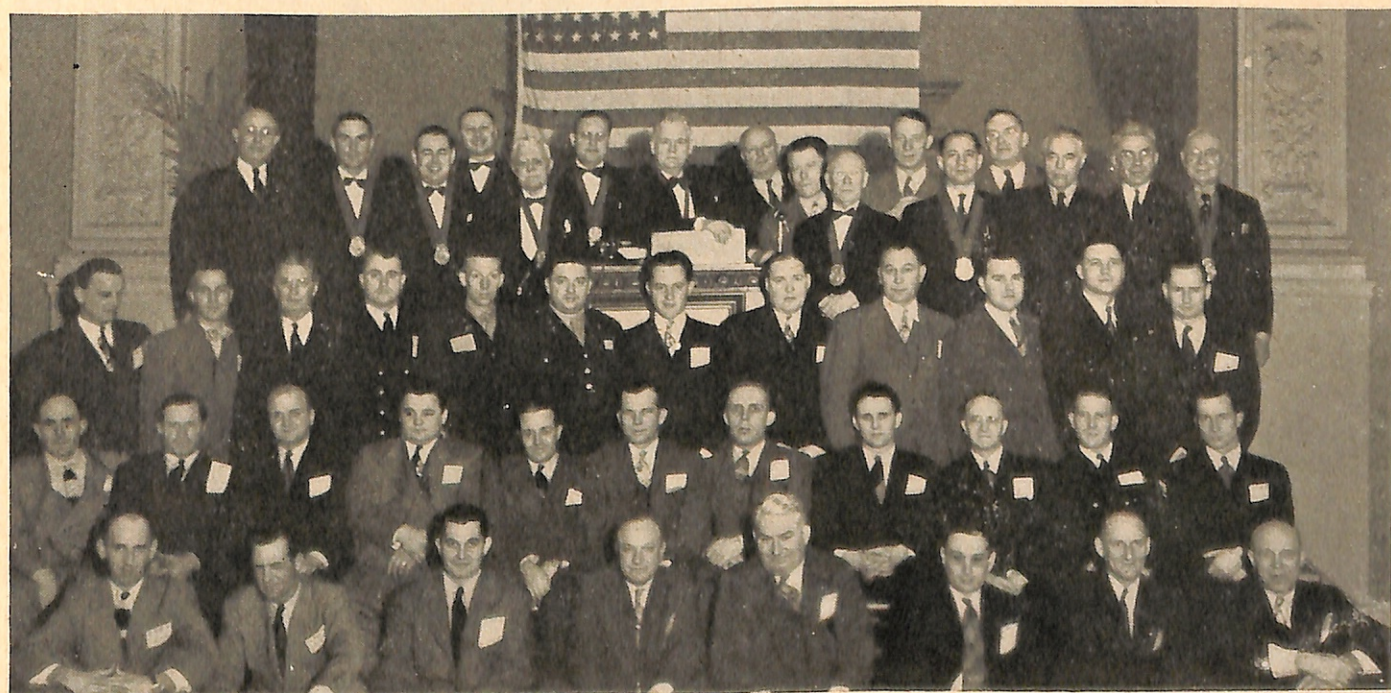
Below are the men who comprised Minneapolis, Minn., Lodge's Victory Class, photographed with the lodge officers.

LAFAYETTE, IND., Lodge, No. 143, held a Million Dollar Party in November that was a million-dollar success. Attended by a large crowd, all of whom enjoyed the top-flight entertainment, \$132,125 worth of Victory Bonds was credited that night. When last we heard the total had been run up to \$142,000, passing the million-mark sold in all the lodge's drives by \$69,875.

Everyone who bought a \$100 Bond was served a turkey dinner. Sixty-eight advance reservations had been made but 105 dinners were finally served, netting a total of \$17,450 in Bonds—proving that

many investors must have put up more than the required C-note. Norman O. Neiburger, Chairman for all the war years, handled 87% of all Bond purchases and Radio Station WASK donated 27 hours of broadcast time to the Drives.

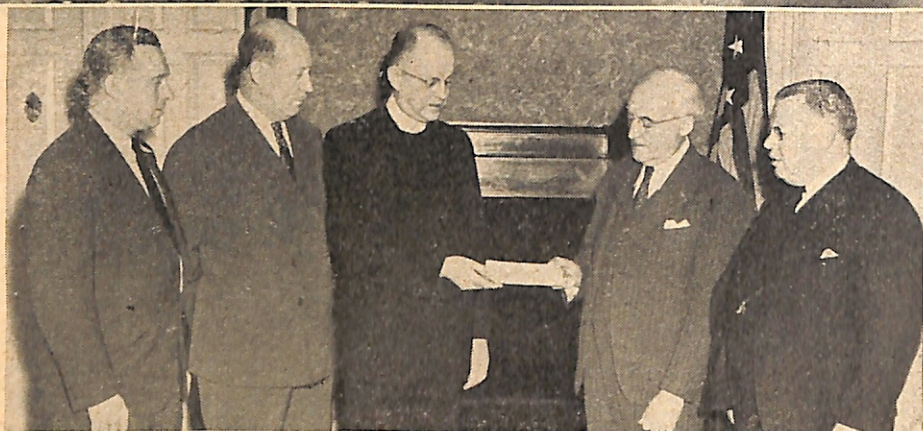
SPRINGFIELD, ILL., Lodge, No. 158, is the largest in the State, with more than 1,600 on its rolls at the present time. It owns a magnificent home with the best hotel facilities—all under the watchful eye of Secy. Earl R. Schryver. Several years ago No. 158 was in the red, but its





Above are officers of Freeport, Ill., Lodge with the class initiated into the Order on the occasion of D.D. James Ward's visit.

Right: Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge's \$5,000 check is presented to St. Clare's Hospital for the equipment of the business office of the institution's new building.



entire debt has been paid, with plenty of folding-money left in the treasury. It owes nothing now but current bills.

The Springfield Elks have a competent lot of officers who are highly proficient in ritualistic work, and the entire membership interests itself in charitable work throughout the community. Since its inception, the Illinois Elks Crippled Children's Commission has been backed to the hilt by No. 158.

EUGENE, ORE., Lodge, No. 357, welcomed home D. D. A. W. Wagner recently by initiating nine new Elks and serving a stag banquet to the 300 members who attended. No. 357's P. E. R.'s gave one of their pins to Mr. Wagner.

Right: E. R. H. A. Meyer stops to chat with three of Middletown, N. Y., Lodge's Old Timers. Left to right they are the first Secy., C. C. Corwin, the first E.R., Archie Ruggles, and Mayor-elect Samuel Mitchell.

MOSCOW, IDA., Lodge, No. 249, with the cooperation of the Idaho Ad Club, in October brought to the Elks Golf Course two famous names in the sports world—the top-notch golfers, Byron Nelson and Jug McSpaden. Teamed with two of Moscow Lodge's most consistent low-scorers—Ray Tate and Buck Bailey—the visitors' 18-hole exhibition match drew a large gallery. No charge was made, but

everyone came across with voluntary contributions which were turned into a University of Idaho scholarship fund.

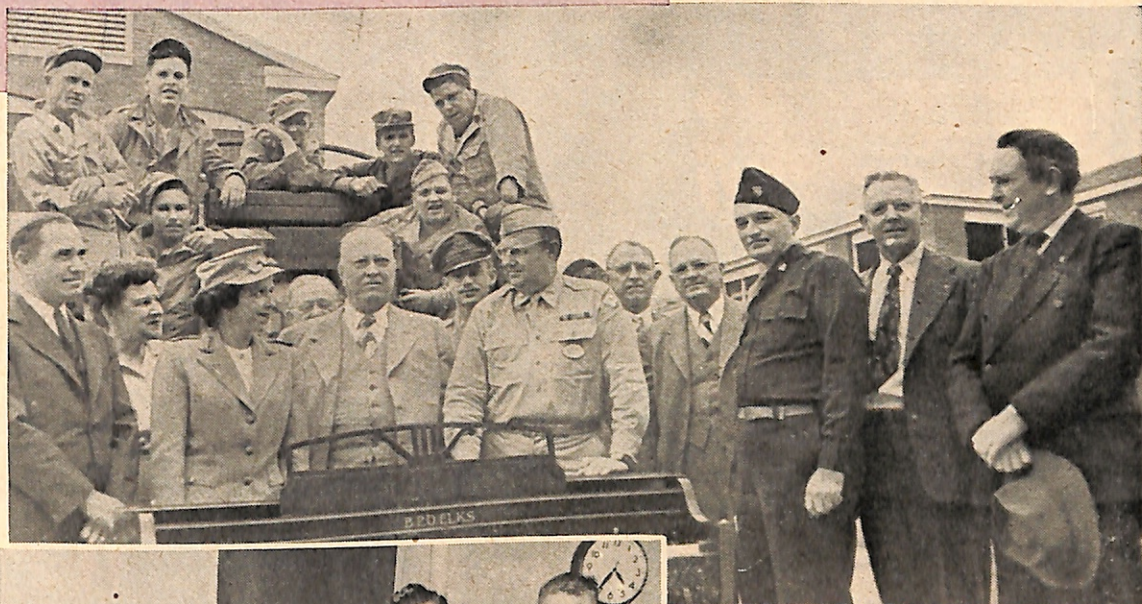
In appreciation of their generosity in showing up for the match, the two-top-flight golfers, accompanied by Ralph Whaley, a Seattle sportsman, were flown into the primitive hunting grounds of Idaho for a two-week big-game hunt. They all bagged their limit.



Below is a photograph taken at the dinner Springfield, Ill., Lodge held in honor of the visit of D.D. William Kurtz.



Under the ANTLERS

Above is a photograph taken after the Elks' gift of a piano was made to Kennedy General Hospital in Memphis, Tenn. The Elks War Commission, through the State Association, has given two pianos, a pottery kiln and numerous gifts to the hospital.

Above is a theatrical group with one of the patients at the Fort George G. Meade Hospital in Maryland. Chairman C. G. Hawthorne of the Grand Lodge Antlers Council and Joseph Manning, Assistant Chairman of the Tri-State Elks Assn., are in charge.

Right is the committee of Pensacola, Fla., Lodge purchasing a \$5,000 Victory Bond.





Above are some of the 1,100 returned veterans who were guests at Norwich, Conn., Lodge's Welcome Home Party.

Left are members of Louisville, Ky., Lodge's War Commission and the lucky servicemen who were winners of telephone calls to their homes.



Right: Richard Wright stands with two capable assistants, his wife, right, and Mrs. G. Lonabaugh, over a batch of "G" Boxes which Wilkinsburg, Pa., Lodge is sending servicemen overseas.



Below is a photograph taken at Columbia, S. C., Lodge's first entertainment program at the Veterans' Hospital there.





Above: Evidently Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge's dances for servicemen are a lot of fun.



Left: Convalescent patients at the Alaskan Division Army Air Base Air Transport Command hospital who enjoyed an entertainment given for them by Great Falls, Mont., Lodge.

Right: Elk dignitaries who attended the ceremonies in conjunction with the presentation of the Army Certificate of Merit to Trenton, N. J., Lodge by Col. J. E. Gillfillan, seated third from right.



Below is a photograph taken during Lafayette, Ind., Lodge's Million Dollar Party held recently to promote the sale of Victory Bonds.



Editorial

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP . . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

BIRTHDAY REFLECTIONS



BIRTHDAYS turn back the clock and send thoughts traveling down the path of Time. February, month of illustrious birthdays, is the natal month of Washington and Lincoln, and the birth month of the Order of Elks.

The birthday of the "Father of our Country" will be celebrated throughout the nation on February 22.

On February 12—wherever the precious gift of freedom is treasured—the natal day of Abraham Lincoln will strike a response chord in the hearts of men.

February is also the natal month of the Order of Elks and members everywhere should pause to pay tribute to the memory of the small coterie of actors who, moved by the precarious nature of their profession, forged a bond of brotherhood for mutual protection, and to provide means to care for one another in time of trouble.

"The Jolly Corks", forerunner of the Elks, existed solely for social and convivial purposes, but it was not in existence long before the members with the proverbial charity of the

theatre were operating as a relief agency for unfortunate members of their profession. Their experience in this taught them the value of collective action, and inspired them with the ideals which gave birth to the Order of Elks.

Much has been said and written of the social and convivial nature of "The Jolly Corks" but it was something much stronger and finer than the spirit of the conviviality that inspired the founding of the Order of Elks. Had "The Jolly Corks" continued on their convivial way, confining their membership solely to men of the theatrical profession, there would have been no Order of Elks today, but looking into the future they realized that a fraternity such as they contemplated could not be carried on by men who followed an itinerant profession and opening the doors to men in all walks of life, the founders were content to spread the gospel of Elksdom in their travels, leaving executive direction to those who could stay at home.

Seventy-eight years have passed since that February day in 1868, when the founders of the Order, meeting in a room on New York's Bowery, decided that they possessed within themselves the nucleus of a real fraternity. Since then vast changes



Charity



Justice

have occurred, Wars and disasters have swept the world, thrones have been overturned, kings and dictators have fallen. But the nation of Washington and Lincoln has gone on to a position of world leadership, and the Order of Elks has become a great patriotic institution.

It is often said that the founders "builded better than they knew", but the foundation they laid has been strong enough to bear the great fraternal structure the years have builded, and the Spirit of Brotherhood woven into the warp and woof of the Order's fabric at birth, is still its spiritual sustenance, as well as the world's great hope for enduring peace.

SICK AND YE VISITED



ROCHESTER, MINN., is one of America's best known cities, not for its size or its industrial wealth, but for its famous Mayo Clinic, to which thousands come each year in search of the healing skill, famous throughout the world.

Many Elks make this pilgrimage to seek the health they hope lies in the healing institutions of this little City—so many, that the Minnesota Elks Association years ago established a welfare service to aid members of the Order.

Today the Elks maintain a member there who devotes his full time to visiting the sick, and aiding members and their families who come to Rochester for medical treatment.

The expense of this service is borne by the Minnesota State Elks Association and the Elks National Foundation, and the representative, Mr. L. N. Haggerty, is available to all Elks who may need advice or assistance.

This is a sidelight upon an activity reflecting credit upon the Elks of Minnesota and the Elks National Foundation, and exemplifying the true spirit of the Order.

FITTING RECOGNITION



THE Elks War Commission has been enabled to carry on its manifold activities through the cooperation and contributions of the lodges. The Elks War Fund, through which the Commission operated, was pledged by the representatives of subordinate lodges at the successive Grand Lodge Sessions of 1942 through to 1945, to the amount of \$1.00 per capita for each successive year.

Regardless of the end of the war there is still much work for the War Commission. Some of its Fraternal Centers have been closed, but others are operating to full wartime capacity; patients in our military hospitals are increasing each day, and its program of hospital entertainment must be expanded; the needs for rehabilitation cannot be determined until all our veterans have come home.

In view of the end of the war and the curtailment of some of its activities, the Elks War Commission has reduced the subordinate lodge subscription for the current year to fifty cents per capita. This amount, with outstanding subscriptions, it deems sufficient to carry on its work until the Grand Lodge meets next July.

To all lodges that pay in full their subscription to the war fund the Elks War Commission will present a handsome engraved certificate, most artistically designed, and suitably framed. It will be a fitting recognition of the cooperation of the lodge in the stupendous war effort of the Order, and something every lodge will be proud to hang in its home.

The Elks War Fund Certificate should occupy an honored place in the home of every lodge. It is not only "a thing of beauty", but it will also serve to remind future generations of the contributions that helped so much to win what all men hope will be the last war and the prelude to lasting peace.



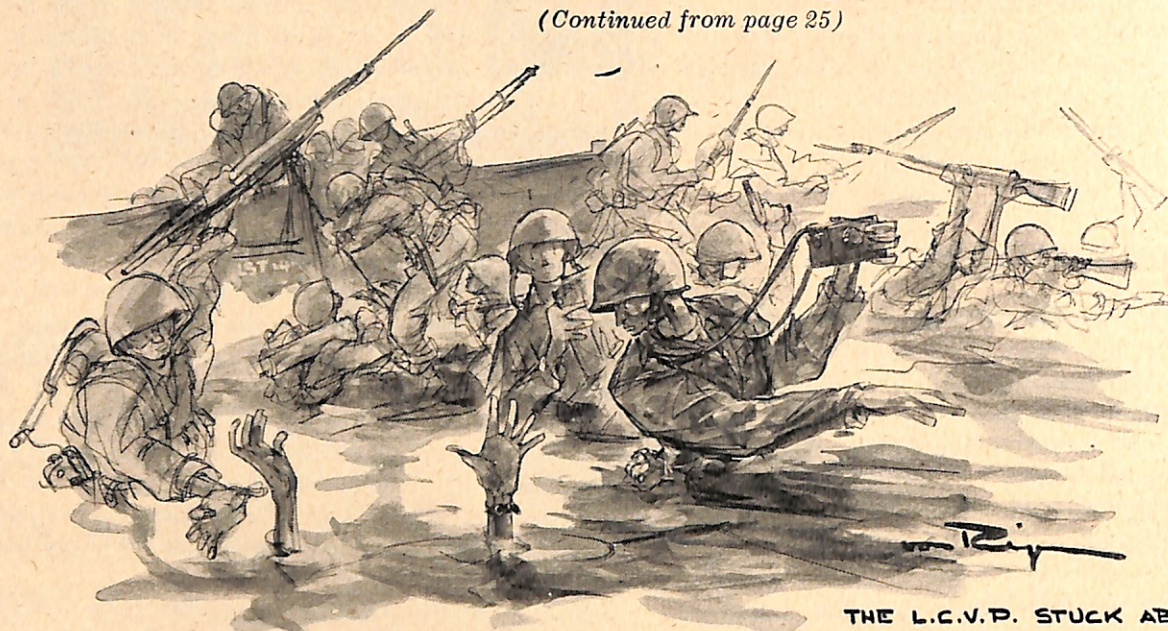
Brotherly Love



Fidelity

Letters from a Correspondent

(Continued from page 25)



THE L.C.V.P. STUCK ABOUT FIFTY
YARDS OFF SHORE — SO, LIKE
MAC ARTHUR, WE WADED IN.

sample. There are numerous "night clubs", and some of the guys who are in the money go to them, but they speak of them as hell-holes, so I didn't try one out. The fact of the matter is, the heat and the early rising dictate bed about 10 p.m., and the night clubs cost about what an evening at the Stork Club would cost in New York. I don't play poker, I don't shoot crap and the women are—shall we say—not attractive? The net result is an ascetic life; I commence to lean toward the metaphysical.

I'll write again when something turns up, either another letter or an appendage to this one. In the latter event it will no longer be a letter but a Document.

Faithfully,
Chumley.

The Celebes Sea
June 26th, 1945

Richard, *non vieux*:

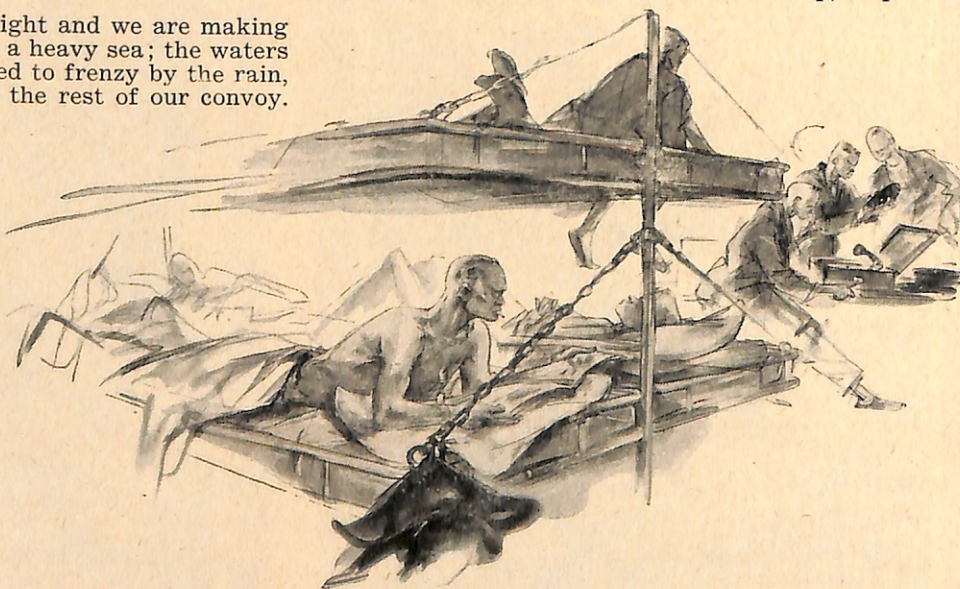
It's a dark and stormy night and we are making eight to nine knots through a heavy sea; the waters of the Celebes Sea are lashed to frenzy by the rain, and a heavy mist obscures the rest of our convoy. That's what the man says in all those books.

There has been something mysterious about today, and I don't trust anything. In the first place we woke to a heavy rain and an impenetrable mist.

FROM 6:30 A.M.
UNTIL THEY PUT OUR
LIGHTS OUT AT NIGHT
THE PHONOGRAPH
WENT ON PLAYING
THE SAME RECORD.

About 1100 hours each of us was served a bowl of chocolate ice cream; at dinner we had fried chicken (I don't suppose it counts that because the crew ate first we correspondents all got wings?) and later tonight one Cronin, a seaman who has taken a shine to me, gave me a batch of fudge. It is all suspiciously like the condemned man's last meal.

We weighed anchor sometime during the morning; I don't know when because I was down in the correspondents' room writing a silly satire for Dalton Trumbo, just for something to do. At any rate, when I went to lunch we were putting out of the harbor with a convoy of about twenty ships, so far as I was able to see through the rain. There are a lot of LCIs, the tugboat (!), a couple of LST's (Landing Ships, Tanks) and we are escorted by a cruiser. In front of us is an ammo ship, to port is



another ammo ship, and behind us is a seaplane tender loaded with high octane fuel. Whee! Fourth of July!

During the morning a most distressing bit of news was imparted to us: tomorrow we cross the equator and you know what that means. Shellback initiation! Had I but known I would never have left Manila. Starting this afternoon I have been taking laudanum and codeine, but I very cleverly left my new mustache where it is, just to give the boys something to do to me in the hope that they will forget about my spacious stern. The truth of the matter is that I am not built for these high-jinx. Tomorrow, providing I can sit at a typewriter, I will give you The Word.

There was a high sea running. Fortunately, I am a good sailor, but some of the boys—particularly George Coxe—are not, and they are already in their sacks feeling very queer. I am the only guy intrepid enough to try the correspondents' room; it is in the bow, and every time we come down there is a loud whoosh and we hit like a ton of lead. Everybody has warned me against coming down here, so if I leave suddenly in the middle of a paragraph it is that the elements have vanquished me.

As I have said before, most of the boys spend their time in poker; the guy who arranged our trip got badly burned last night—eighty bucks. Before we weighed anchor there was more frantic bartering with the Moros, in their filthy little boats, but they are getting pretty sharp.

I found out where we are and where we are going. An Australian sneaked me down into the hold with the bilge and showed me a map.

It begins to look as if we might be in on a far bigger thing than we all had anticipated, but there can be no telling until after we get there. The fact that this has been kept so very secret makes me think it is of some importance.

There seems to be a general sense of relief that we are in rough weather as the heavy overcast provides good air cover. Now to my mind that's kind of silly, but I could be wrong. I have a suspicion that almost all of the Jap air support is up around the Japanese homelands.

Today the coral cuts which I got at Saipan a month ago finally closed up; that'll give you an idea of how hard it is to heal wounds in this climate and why casualties get home to more salubrious conditions.

The lack of any good conversation surprises me about the group of men with whom I am now. Presumably they are educated and highly intelligent, trained men; many of them are writers of standing, but I have yet to hear an interesting or provocative thought expressed by any of them, here or elsewhere, since I left New York.

I have thrown out innumerable leads when we have been sitting around in the evenings, and all I get is a description of their homes in Old Lyme, Conn., and the interesting information that their wives haven't

aged a day in appearance since they married them sixteen years ago.

It's getting so rough I am having trouble down here in the hold, and I think I'll go topside to study the grandeurs of nature, and the temperaments of the elements. The latter appear to be indulging in a fit of pique at the moment.

Yours,
Phillips.

The Celebes Sea (I think)
July 5, 1945

Anderson, my good beast:

Much has transpired since my last arch letters to you—those now-you-see-me-now you-don't communications. They were mailed by courier plane from Balikpapan in Borneo, and were, I hope, postmarked from there so you have some idea where I have been.

I suppose I ought to go back to where I left you—if I can remember where that was—and go on from there. The day I wrote you last I woke up to find the "Holiday Routine" part of an enormous convoy—between two and three hundred ships—which we had joined sometime during the night. During the course of the day—which was fine and brilliantly blue, with a fresh breeze—the convoy strung itself out into a five-line formation I don't know how many miles wide or how many long because it stretched out of sight.

During that afternoon we got a kick out of two whales which sounded alongside, playing around and blowing at regular intervals. They were almost like dolphins in their sportiveness, and we became quite attached to them. They swam, surfaced and sounded in tandem, almost as if harnessed together. I had hopes they were in love and that a certain miracle would occur, but to my chagrin a destroyer cut across their bow and they sounded for good.

All this day we were approaching the narrows of the Straits of Macassar, and the boys were pleased to have the sun go under a thick blanket of clouds, saying that they would provide us with air cover.

The crew amused themselves with devising costumes for the forthcoming Shellback initiation, whittling paddles and laughing obscenely in quarters out of bounds to us. Meanwhile, our correspondents were given a lengthy briefing in the forward compartment, involving maps, information concerning the history, topography, industrial and strategic importance of Balikpapan and its environs, and most complete notes on the plan of attack as well as the defenses expected to be encountered. I wrote pages of notes—very complete and, as I afterward found, accurate—and I have kept them among my papers to bring home. I will not bore you with them here. It developed that the Balikpapan operation was expected to be a major show—something I had suspected for some days.

In addition we learned that the approaching and surrounding waters

had been, in the past five years, heavily mined by the Dutch, the Australians, the British, the United States and the Imperial Japanese Navy. Almost all known types of mine floated around in schools, like minnows. In the operation to clear Balikpapan's approaches—a mission which had been started sixteen days before—three minesweepers were sunk and two disabled for the first three mines swept. Since that information had been received there were no further minesweeper figures, but it could be assumed that the minesweeping was still in progress, and there were several sweepers in our convoy. Also three carriers (which had been sent for in great haste and which had rushed at full steam to join us), and U.S., Australian and Dutch cruisers.

We were also informed that we could expect air opposition, coastal fire, and it was entirely possible that light surface units (torpedo boats and subs) would make suicide attacks. And so on, and on, and on, and on.

That day we were also initiated into the Shellbacks, a ceremony I won't go into much here because you've read of it or seen it in the movies. We performed various indignities, were accused of certain vile practices and offenses, and sentenced. The Royal Doctors had their way, the Royal Barber enjoyed himself, and the Royal Dentist stuffed our mouths with cotton soaked in a solution of atabrine, flour paste, pepper and something indefinable. The hoses were then turned on us, full play, from all sides, and that was that. Except, of course, for the paddles which worked assiduously. We were also well coated with crude oil.

The next day, July 1st, was Fox Day, and Fox Day was It. (Fox Day was the code name for our Invasion Day.) We got up about five and found ourselves, as we had been all during the previous day, Tail-end Charlie on the convoy. Most of the other ships were already lying to. Off to our starboard in the half-light lay Borneo, clean athwart the equator, hot and steaming and hilly and swampy, shaped very much like a man's felt hat, with the beaches for a brim, the mountains for a crown, and the inner valleys as the dent in the crown. Over it lay what appeared to be a heavy bank of storm clouds. This was the dense pall of smoke which arose from the blazing oil wells of Balikpapan, set by the Japanese as well as by our planes and the RAAF.

Slowly it grew lighter, and as it appeared that day had at last arrived, there was a "whump!" from our portside; a cruiser had let go a salvo.

I won't dwell much on the Naval bombardment; it kept up all that day and the next. The ships were so widely separated and the bigger units so far from shore we could see little of what occurred.

It will not surprise you in the least to learn that there had been the usual amount of snafu, and that our LCI 635 (the *Holiday Routine*), which was supposed to lie a mile off-shore

actually lay five miles off. I consider the latter a conservative figure as it took an hour and a quarter to get ashore in an LCVP. It developed later that we were not allowed in because of (a) mines, (b) coastal fire, (c) the proximity of the communications ship, *Wasatch*, aboard which there were certain distinguished personages, and (d) the *Wasatch* needed the protection of our anti-aircraft guns (!). I also heard other reasons given, none of which I believed. Personally I think the authorities found out Phillips was aboard and said, "Come on, fellows, let's snafu him again!"

At nine o'clock B25s went over the beachhead dropping GP bombs, and then made a secondary raid with anti-personnel bombs. Then the assault craft, loaded with Aussies, started in. We could see those which started from behind us, farther out to sea, but we could not make them out when they joined the craft farther in, nor could we see them land. Five miles is a lot of miles in haze and oil smoke.

Just to add a bit of color, I was tastefully attired in my dappled-green zoot suit, with a steel helmet raking the back of my neck. Of all the thousands of men involved in the invasion, only I went about in that imitation leopard skin, and it took guts. I even interviewed an Admiral in it. I even went ashore in it! Later I found out that the services have ceased issuing them because they are too hot, and because the Japs refuse to recognize them as uniforms and will shoot at sight anyone wearing one, and it was issued to me at Manila as GI equipment! I have looked up the regulation and find that there is no citation or award made for the particular kind of heroism shown in wearing it, but I don't care. In my heart I know what I did.

There was more indiscriminate banging of guns and perplexing shifting about of ships from here to there, and rumors flew about like sparrows. I kept my gimlet eyes glued to all directions: not a Jap plane appeared, not a mine exploded, not a torpedo boat committed suicide. Once or twice I saw some anti-aircraft bursts from Balikpapan by miles a recon plane which was floating around like a feather on a zephyr. The oil fires shot up great gouts of smoke occasionally colored with wonderful bursts of flame which must have been hundreds of feet high.

By this time most of our guys had gone ashore. In some inexplicable manner I had missed getting The Word. Either I had been concentrating on what was going on ashore, or I was sunk in gloom about my zoot suit. In any event, George Cox, Hugh Cave and I were left aboard the *Holiday Routine*. Our Army liaison officer, a Captain Arnold, announced he was going ashore and would take us in. It appeared he had to pick up some correspondents who had flown in from Manila that morning who were scheduled to go ashore, and then fly right back to Manila for

radio broadcasts. No sooner said than done. We scrambled into the LCVP and set off for the Catalina in as nasty, choppy a sea as I have ever seen. It took half an hour to come alongside the plane and we managed it only by coming just *that* far from sinking the Catalina. Then we bounced and banged and chopped and smashed for an hour and a quarter until we got to the beach. The LCVP stuck about fifty yards off shore, so, like MacArthur, we waded in. (I was disgusted to learn that the good General had preceded us by a few moments.) Incidentally, it's true about the General getting shot at all the time. Several of us were near him when snipers took potshots at him. I have always wondered if the Japs knew whom they were shooting at.

The beachhead was just like a beachhead. A lot of churned-up sand, unnameable landing craft and vehicles, craters, smashed-up trees, broken crates, hundreds of men walking — apparently aimlessly — through the wreckage and debris. Everywhere there were Aussies, squatting on their haunches drinking tea (as black as our coffee). We found some Japanese tea cups, still in their wrappings, and came upon a pillbox which we later learned was the Japs' beach headquarters. We started to go in and prowl around for souvenirs, but suddenly somebody remembered about booby traps, and we quickly put our hot little hands in our hot little pockets. The air and naval bombardment had cleared the Japs off the beachhead and enabled the landing parties to get ashore without a casualty!

We wandered up ahead, inland, a bit, past more vehicles bucking and sucking around in the thick mud, and up a ridge. On the ridge were some 25-pounders smacking shells into the Japs who were hiding out in the adjacent valley and another ridge beyond. We scrambled up there and snooped around in our outlandishly amateur fashion and feeling, I must say, indescribably foolish.

We felt even more foolish when, "wheep, wheep, wheep!" little insect-like things flew by our heads and buried themselves in a palm tree behind us. We couldn't tell where they came from nor had we heard the firing of the weapon, and we began to suspect that silencers were in use. This small encounter informed us that we were up in the front, although certainly nothing at all would have led us to believe it except the bullets. I found myself in a terrible predicament. I couldn't tell from which direction the bullets were coming so it was no use trying to get behind a tree because for all I knew, I would be on the wrong side of it. The sniper fire discouraged further exploration, and we got up off our stomachs and moved back down the ridge to the shore. We waded back again and slapped and banged and crashed and rammed our way through the sea back to the *Wasatch*, where the Admiral gave us a little heart-to-heart talk which

went something like this:

"Good afternoon, gentlemen! You may say that after a Naval bombardment, participated in by the United States Navy, the Australian Navy, and elements of the Royal Dutch Navy, Australian troops under the command of General Sir (Something) Morshead invaded Balikpapan and its environs. The attack received the support of United States Naval planes, the RAAF and planes of the Royal Dutch Air Force. There were no casualties sustained during the attack. There was some opposition from shore guns which was soon silenced and now fighting is taking place several hundred yards inland. You may say that General Douglas MacArthur went ashore in one of the later waves of the assault attack. Any questions?"

"Carriers? No. Better not mention carriers. The Japanese radio communications have not mentioned them yet and they may not know they are here.

"Naval casualties? No, none, if you mean in today's operation."

That was that. So the radio commentators got into their little boat and chugged out to their little plane, and flew 1100 miles back to Manila to report their first-hand, eye-witness accounts of the historic invasion of Balikpapan. Trumpets!

Later

... That night, back on the LCI, which we had begun to call the Pest Ship for numerous well-founded reasons, we sat up topside just like Quent Reynolds and watched the destroyers lob shells into the Jap positions, some of us making business-like notes on scraps of paper. The oil blaze was magnificent. The Japs had released oil into the valleys and gullies and set it aflame to impede the progress of the Aussies. The flames would give a great internal heave and throw themselves hundreds of feet into the sky, while the smoke writhed and billowed in torment. Away off to the left and inshore, a destroyer fired salvo after salvo, seemingly interminably, and away to the right, toward the Sepinggan airstrip, star shells rose, burst and hung in the air just beneath the pall of smoke. I watched as long as I could hold out and finally when the fever and creeping paralysis was almost upon me, I crawled down into the humid hold and my bunk, with the Elk-from-Erie two feet above me and Captain Arnold two feet below.

The next morning early, after a delicious breakfast of small Persian prayer-rugs, we scrambled back into the LCVP, with me a figure of fun in my zoot suit. The same, interminable, bodywracking ride in, the same landing, the same footling around the beach screwing up courage to go inland. The Aussies had penetrated considerably farther, and the 25-pounders were whumping away, and the Japs were busily snipe-snipe-sniping. Almost the first

(Continued on page 56)

Give 'Em a Little Corn

(Continued from page 7)

der way before Jimmy moved. His reaction was slow and he continued to stare at the screen for a moment after it went blank. The bursting of his dream-bubble was almost a physical pain, like the explosion of a blood vessel in his head. When he stepped into the hurrying stream of men and was carried out by its momentum, he walked as though asleep, not sufficiently aware of what had happened to be more than mildly bitter.

The vagueness remained with him through all the seeming confusion of the next few minutes. He felt that he was being hurried, shoved, shouted at. Actually there was little real confusion. These men had been alerted at night before; they knew what was expected of them and performed their tasks with methodical haste and a minimum of talk, so that the village became at once an orderly movement of shadows in the dark. And presently the shadows were groups of shadows, all moving in one direction like lumps of black foam carried swiftly along by a flowing stream.

There was talking, of course, but not much of it, and no shouted commands in the Dave Dubble tradition. There were sounds of metal striking metal as men adjusted their equipment, and sucking, gurgling sounds as many boots battled the mud. But the movement of men continued and when it had run its course, the village was still again except for the whispering of rain in disturbed pools of water. And Jimmy Nolan was trudging along a road.

At the end of an hour they rested. Riflemen simply flopped, mortar and machine-gun men sprawled on the road's edge beside their weapons, tank crews leaned against their tanks. But there was more marching than resting, and there was always the rain to make the marching a misery. Now and then a man stumbled and swore. Now and then an order passed down the line, straightening bent backs. Always the jungle was close and wet and might be dangerous.

Why at night? Jimmy Nolan wondered glumly. But he knew why. With the rest of these men he had seen little action during the past week. Their work in securing the beachhead had been strenuous; while other units plugged ahead through the Japs and the jungle, they had been left behind to clear the first captured village and speed the flow of supplies and weapons to the advancing front. Now it was their turn again.

Somewhere up ahead were Japs who were determined to halt the advance along this road. They had to be pried from their barricades. Like mining coal in a tunnel, Jimmy thought, aware of the old, cold prickling of his skin that always accompanied thoughts of physical contact

with the enemy. For the drowsiness was gone now. The march through the mud had rubbed his mind raw again.

"You know the setup, Nolan." Captain Peters, finding him in the dark, paused to hunker down beside him. "You're the second rifle company. First rifles, machine-gun platoon and mortar section precede you with tank support. You lead the second column with Battalion CP."

"Our objective is Tolos, Captain?"

Peters nodded and was gone. Very nice, Jimmy thought. You're the second rifle company and this road has more side trails than a centipede has legs. You investigate those, Nolan. You clean out the by-passed Japs. That's your job. He put a cigarette in his mouth and glanced up and down the road to see if anyone else was smoking. No one was, and the cigarette was soon sopping wet, but the tobacco felt good to his tongue. Tolos is four miles, he thought. In the dark.

But presently it was no longer totally dark. When the column halted again, this time to wait for the mortars to disorganize the first enemy strong point, it was broad daylight—if you could so describe the wet, dun-colored dawn. Hoping the delay might last long enough for the cramps to leave his legs, Jimmy leaned against a tree and began to feel human again. Then a tank snorted in the brush ahead to the left, commands filtered back, the column was in motion.

One of Peters' men, mud from helmets to boots, was waiting at the mouth of a side trail. He spoke rapidly, as if eager to be out of there. "Captain Peters said to tell you to take a patrol down here, Lieutenant, before proceeding. He said two men from his unit were hit in here by snipers."

Here we go, Jimmy thought. Here's the dirty work. "Anderson, Dorati, come with me." He turned into the trail, and at first it was only that—a footpath winding aimlessly through roots, rocks and vegetation. But when it began to climb, throwing slippery loops about the fangs of outjutting boulders, it began to amuse him. Why, hell, he thought, this is Hollywood. This is Dave Dubble.

The resemblance came and went as he proceeded. At times the path was not Hollywood at all; it was a stream gurgling out of the forest, tumbling over stones; it was the side of a mountain; it was a clearing and a tin-roofed shack on stilts, from the doorway of which skinny, brown-bodied kids watched with frightened eyes. But Dave's touch kept creeping into it, and the likeness grew stronger because he wanted it to. Until at last, wriggling on hands and knees around a blowdown, with Anderson and Dorati some distance be-

hind, he let the Hollywood illusion have him completely and was almost not surprised when something struck at his shoulder, high up near his neck, and sent him sprawling.

The sound of the shot reached him as he fell. The echoes of it bounded from tree to rock in the forest as he wriggled to the edge of the trail and went limp. Dave, he thought, that was a fool thing to do; you gave the guy a loaded gun. Then, his mind clearing after the initial shock, he recalled the warning of the soldier in the road—"Captain Peters said two men were hit by snipers"—and knew that Dave was no part of this. This was here, not Hollywood.

Anderson, a veteran campaigner, came on hands and knees through the tall grass to paw at him and said, "Take it easy, Lieutenant," while his fingers fumbled at Jimmy's shoulder, fashioning a bandage. His calm face was close and comforting, and his hands were capable. "You stay put now," he advised, "while I find Dorati and muzzle that monkey." Then he crept away.

It was dark in the grass. And lonely. Jimmy Nolan fingered his pistol and the grenades at his belt and wondered what he would do if the Jap who had shot him came looking for him. He made an effort to move, found the pain too intense and lay still again, trying to distinguish sounds through the incessant rattle of the rain. He heard nothing.

Anderson did not come back. The pain in Jimmy's shoulder sharpened, and time began to lose its meaning. His awareness ebbed out with the small red drops that seeped through the bandage to color the pool of dark water in which he lay.

At first he fought this lack of awareness. You have to know what goes on, Nolan! If the Japs should find you here unconscious. . . But the excursion from reality was suddenly pleasant, and he gave up the struggle. He was back, presently, where the whole unhappy interlude had begun, in the theater in the village, remembering the taste of warm beer and gazing with awe at a moving-picture screen. He was, in fact, watching Jimmy Nolan—the Dave Dubble version—wriggling on his stomach along a jungle trail. That trail was this one, with no further argument from his stubborn mind, and the two Jimmy Nolans were one and the same. He was there on the screen, on his way to blast twenty Japs in a pillbox. He was nowhere else. And he was eager to get the job finished, so that he might take his wife in his arms and kiss her—With passions, he thought fondly.

He could not crawl as rapidly as he wanted to. His leg hurt—or was it his shoulder?—and he had to keep clear of the path because, of course, the sniper who had shot him would be watching it. So, with his leg drag-



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ging—or his arm—he traveled mostly through water, following the path for direction but avoiding any contact with it. And he had gone perhaps a thousand feet, with great effort, when he heard shots.

They came in rapid succession, two, three, four of them; the echoes whined metallicly through the jungle, and then silence returned. The sounds sharpened his mind, and automatically he thought, Anderson and Dorati ran into trouble; I'm alone. But the returning silence obliterated this thought, leaving him confused and uncertain, for there had been no shots in the picture to interrupt Private Nolan's progress toward the pillbox. Oh, hell, he thought, now we'll have to do this scene over. But he was still moving forward.

The trail dipped downward presently into a shadowed place where tall trees grew so thickly from swamp and bog that the dim light was more diffused than ever. He did not recognize it, and paused in his advance to study the terrain carefully. Even more disturbing than the trail was the sight of a crumpled figure on the edge of it—dropped there, no doubt, by a sniper's bullet. He wished Dave would stop putting these things in to bewilder him, and get on with the job as they had planned it. But that was Dave all over, always tinkering.

His hesitation was brief. Ahead of him now a figure moved furtively among the trees, beckoning him, and he recognized Myra's voice urging him to hurry. It was time to stop crawling and get on his feet. This was the big moment. The pillbox was just ahead, down there in the maze of dripping trees. For the last time he stumbled over the decayed log—it had changed shape a little, he noticed, since his three previous tussles with it—and clawed through the dangling net of vines. Then, his pistol pumping bullets and a live grenade held in his fist, he charged.

Heaven help us, Dave, Jimmy thought, if this ever gets out there where our guys are really fighting Japs. He was grinning, though. GIs were big-hearted boys; they would forgive a little innocent corn. And when it came to the important business, the man and the woman stuff, Dave Dubble had something to offer that even the million-dollar epics couldn't match: a guy and a girl in love behaving like a guy and a girl in love. That was real.

He didn't mind the frantic screaming of the Japs, or the bullets that ripped the trees and kicked up mud in his path. For a moment, but only for a moment, he was confused by an utterly fantastic notion that the pillbox had become, somehow, a tank. It couldn't be a tank—he was getting things mixed up. Anyway, it made a beautiful, wonderful, almost real explosion when his grenade sailed through the open hatch into its metal internals. And that was that.

He turned away, stumbling a little as he walked back up the trail. It was smart of Dave to insist on a

continuation of the background sounds, the shouts and rifle fire, otherwise this last long stagger out of what Dave called "the portals of death" would fall pretty flat. Some of the shouts were clearly American, too—Dave's subtle way of assuring the customers that the Yanks were arriving to mop up. But Jimmy Nolan's job was to walk up the trail, staggering a little for effect, to give the customers time to catch their breath and prepare for the fadeout. Dave had an aversion to abrupt transitions.

She was there waiting for him when he rounded the last bend in the trail and came in sight of the road from which the patrol had started. She caught him, and Jimmy clung to her a long time, puzzled by the pain in his shoulder and a new pain in his side, under his ribs, and by a throbbing dizziness in his head. Then, completing his bewilderment, Myra picked him up in her arms—picked him up!—and carried him out to the road and yelled in a voice that was not her voice at all, "Hey, you guys, on the double! The lieutenant's hurt!" And at last, perhaps mercifully, Lieutenant Jimmy Nolan passed out.

IT WAS still raining. He watched the drops of water forming on the thatch over his cot and found that he could guess pretty accurately whether they would strike the corner of the cot or miss it and splash on the floor. He hadn't had any beer, either.

His cot was one of a line of cots, spaced across the floor of the same storehouse in which he had watched himself in the movies; in fact, the screen was still there, a few feet behind his head. But there would be no more movies for a while. The Japs had put up a stiff fight around Tolos, and the medics had needed more space.

He himself would be out soon, though. His shoulder had stopped hurting, and the thing in his side was barely a scratch. He hoped that Anderson and Dorati had been as lucky, and wished he could remember what had happened to them. And to himself, too, after the sniper's bullet had dropped him.

Captain Peters came in and stopped beside his cot. "I located Anderson for you," Peters said. "He's over in the main hospital, not badly hurt. He was conscious the whole time and saw everything you did."

"What about Dorati?"

"He saw that, too." There was nothing callous about Peters' shrug; it meant simply that he had learned to accept the fact that even small victories had to be paid for. Concerned more with immediate matters, he leaned forward.

"What Anderson told me substantiates what I learned from the men of the third rifle company who went down that trail to find you fellows. You passed within ten feet of Anderson, Jimmy. He was in the trail,

(Continued on page 66)

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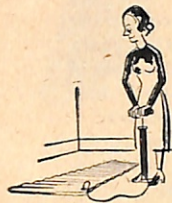
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smear to worry about. It won't leak or ink up your fingers. Don't ask me how it works. If I knew, I'd try to make them myself. It all has to do with a small steel ball revolving in a socket and very thick ink. Don't question things like this pen or the atomic bomb; it will only lead to trouble. Just take their guarantee, which is good.



ASLIGHTLY more prosaic but none the less useful gadget, is an air mattress for small apartments. Speaking of apartments, would you happen to know of . . . No, I don't suppose you would. Well, back to this mattress thing. It folds up just like a blanket when deflated and can be kept in any linen closet. When you have an unexpected overnight guest, inflate it (the mattress) and presto, an extra bed in the house. To inflate it you can use the blower attachment to a vacuum cleaner or a small hand pump. It's comfortable to sleep on and has the added attraction of being usable at the beach. It's water-proof and you can ride the surf with it or just float lazily around in still water, basking in the sun. What more do you want—Scotch in your soda?

THE new cordless iron is the thing to keep profanity at a minimum in the household. Or haven't you ever become entangled in the cord to an iron? Remember how it would catch on the corner of the ironing board? The iron was always facing the wrong way, or you were, and to

set things straight you had to get around to the other side of the board. In small kitchens that means collapsing the board and setting it up again. After that had been accomplished it was usually lunch time and there you stood with the entire morning gone to pot, so to speak. If you've never experienced that, at least I know you have had your wife shriek hysterically when, upon trying to plug the frayed cord into the socket, it sparked and frightened her almost into insensibility. With this new iron she'll have to look for new ways to be frightened into insensibility. The new iron has an automatic heat control and no cord to strangle you or your wife. The iron itself is very light and is placed on a metal platform which contains the secret to the whole thing-a-ma-bub. When you pick the iron up it is free to go anywhere you might want it. It has many safety devices but doesn't include the one stopping wives from hurling it at husbands. However, as pointed out before, it is a very light iron.

WHEN the wife complains about clothes and dishes to wash, here is something that should put an end to all that. It's one machine that does both dishes and clothes. It has two tubs which are interchangeable on very short notice—one for clothes and one for dishes. The entire machine is built to fit in any medium-sized kitchen and it doesn't make the usual racket expected from a washing machine. When the clothes are clean they can be whirled as dry as a wringer would dry them. When the dish problem

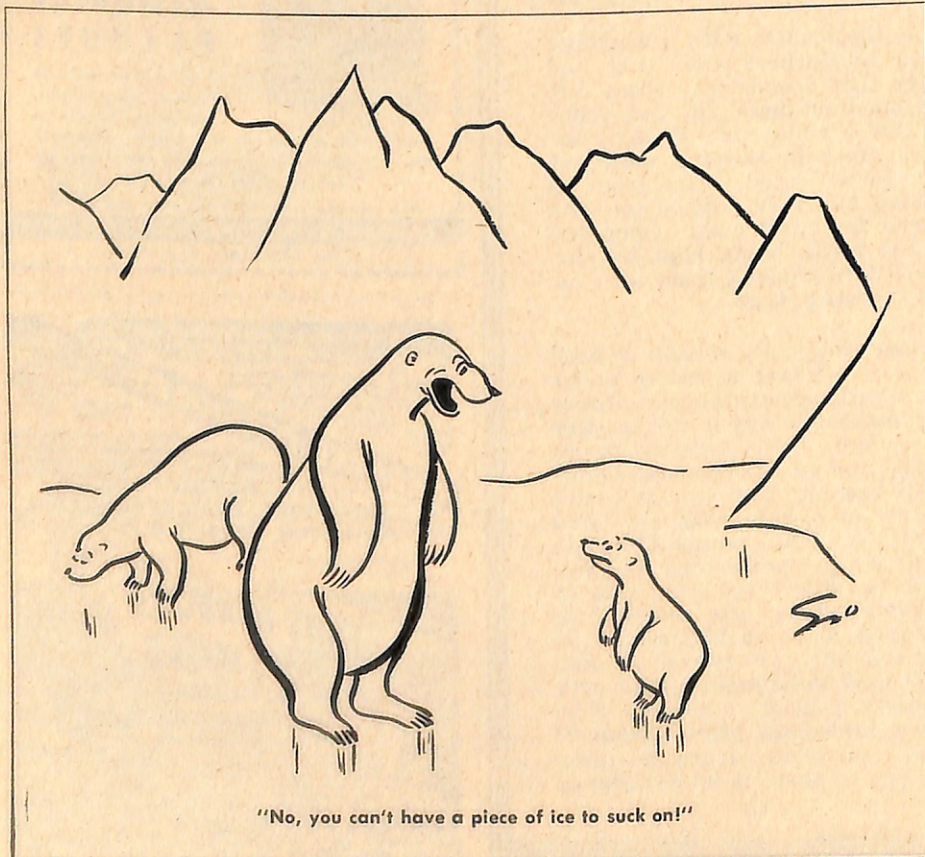
comes up, just change tubs and stick the dishes in. It does pots and pans too, believe it or not.



HAVE you ever run out of ice cubes in the middle of what started out to be a good party? Did the drinks warm up and the party freeze up? Did the guests begin to taste that cheap whiskey you handed them, swearing all the while it was bonded stock? Worry no longer, friend, for here is a new high in ice-cube makers. It is reported to be able to deliver forty ice cubes every twenty-five seconds after you load the thing, and it refreezes cubes in thirty minutes. Just prime the gadget and let 'er go. If you're having a big party this is the thing to have. If it's just a hot summer day this freezer would come in handy. Stack the ice cubes around you in your favorite chair and let the temperature go as high as it wants to. There is also a commercial model of the unit said to have a two hundred and forty cube capacity. That is in the works now along with a combination ice-maker and home food freezing unit. They should be ready for the market soon. If your hand gets frost-bit while you reach for the cubes, don't complain. You were told how fast it would freeze stuff.

THIS next one lends itself to a tense dramatic situation better than anything else. Here we go. The couple is on the verge of divorce. They are driving home late at night from a party and it's raining buckets. The clatter is maddening. Car swings into driveway. Headlights shine on the closed garage doors. "Get out and open the doors," she says. "You open them," he replies. "No, you do it." "No, you do it" . . . and so on to the divorce court. That argument was the final straw. Today, science stands guard against things like that. With the same setting as before, but with science at the helm, we face the garage door again in the driving rain. The man presses a button on the dash board and the doors swing open, the car rolls smoothly into the shelter. The wife, overcome with enthusiasm for the perfect gadget, swears never to leave him. After all, isn't he smart to have gotten a gadget like that? Thus their marriage is saved and science toils on. When the husband pressed the button, a device in the garage picked up the supersonic tones emitted from the exhaust, if you'll pardon the expression, and set the wheels of the gadget turning to open the doors. It's an electronic device and should be out this Spring. Of course, it may cost a bit but if you can afford a car, a garage and a wife, it might be wise to buy the gimmick that binds all three together.

There, you see how life gets simpler all the time? Well, doesn't it?



"No, you can't have a piece of ice to suck on!"

It's a Man's World



by Kent Richards

A COLUMN devoted to the world of man should be concerned, some people think, wholly with women. Female ankles and hair and stuff, I am told, are man's basic interest. I admit they are basic, but I have found that their enjoyment is considerably enhanced after several other fundamentals have been comfortably disposed of; namely, food, clothing and shelter. To shed light on all of these, then, will be the function of this department. The line for the ladies forms on the left.

THOSE painful screams you hear, with general wailing in the background, are made by mournful males bemoaning the clothing shortage. You may as well get used to it for the shortage will continue for some months. Meanwhile it is seriously affecting the sartorial splendor and plans of returning servicemen, who have spent the last year or so in odd corners of the world dreaming of white Christmases the way they would wow the home-town gals with bright checkered sports jackets and appropriate accoutrements, when they got back to the States. More prosaic, perhaps, but no less serious, is the effect of the shortage on peaceful but shiny-bottomed civilians whose wartime clothes are just plain wearing out. Veteran and civilian alike face a desperate situation.

One of the oldest men's-clothing stores in the East for some time now has been rationing garments

one to a customer, and its stock, the honest and sorrowful clerks point out, is just leavings. A huge New York department store in early January did not have a single winter suit in its men's wear department. It was a sad sight to see ex-GIs hungrily fingering Palm Beach cloth while outside sub-freezing blasts whipped up Fifth Avenue. Clerks who once boasted proudly they would never sell a suit which was an imperfect fit now grin from ear to ear when they find a customer who is within three sizes of the model they have left.

Though these days nearly everyone imagines himself to be rich, the problem is not to be resolved merely by a vulgar display of wealth. Normally one could spurn the stockless, ready-made stores and swank into a custom tailor and demand the best, immediately. Once, at \$100 or a little more per suit, that would produce results. Now the \$100 or a little more is \$175 to \$225 and immediately is four months away if you are lucky enough to get a suit at all.

Any man who bases his claim to dressing well on something more than a Sunday-go-to-meeting suit will find that such famine conditions call for unusual ingenuity. This often means the matching up of odd coats and trousers to produce the casual effect which is popularly supposed to be universal among country-dwelling Britons. A plain gray flannel coat hooked up with checked or tweed gray

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trousers, for example, is perfectly acceptable on most informal occasions including that recently popularized avocation of the middle-leisure class, picketing. Brown or black shoes go equally well with this gray job, but the derby hat had better be left at home for the chickens to nest in.

Another combination, which comes in brown can sometimes be worked out after a bit of rummaging around in the attic clothes closet for that old, old jacket. A single-breasted tweed coat can be hitched to a pair of plain brown trousers, or *vice versa*, without Beau Brummel turning over in his grave. Black shoes won't do in this case; brown shoes or bare feet being mandatory. But use a little care on this combination for a really rough tweed shouldn't be worn with a strong check except by movie actors, circus roustabouts and people who suffer from claustrophobia.

And that, my *boulevardier*, isn't the half of it. The problem of what to wear under these outfits is made acute by the shirt shortage. Normally any soft shirt of appropriate color would do, but today is far from normal. Some of my improvising friends

have resorted to knotting a scarf around the neck and thereby hiding whatever atrocity in the way of a shirt which may be underneath. There are, of course, large areas throughout the United States where a good Rotarian would as soon be caught drunk in church as he would wearing a scarf down Main Street. But fortunately this antiquated prejudice has been diminishing rapidly, as sophistication takes its toll, and its certain eventual demise is now being considerably spurred by downright necessity. East and West Coast centers of style consciousness have long utilized colorful scarves as an appropriate change from necktie boredom. Last December many thousands of them were sold to women frantically trying to buy something different—or at least something—for their husbands' Christmas. These several factors should convince even the most reluctant male that to hold out longer is futile. Of course, if he is proud of his frayed shirt collar, that's his business. But it's no longer genteel to be shabby.

THEY don't know it yet up in Minnesota, but summer isn't so far away that thought on the slack-suit

situation would be wasted. In mid-January the usual stockpile of summer slack suits for the Miami and Hollywood trade simply didn't exist and lugubrious salesmen refuse to impart any assurances as to when any quantity would be available. This is unfortunate because a goodly supply along about May would do much to emancipate men from the clothing rut they have been digging themselves into for the last hundred years or so.

THE custom of referring to a couple of dull and weighty business suits as a wardrobe has been under serious attack throughout the South, where the comfort of light, two-tone slack suits is most convincingly demonstrated from March to October. The rapid spread in the use of such sensible garments there once indicated that by 1946 almost everyone would be wearing them. Now it doesn't appear that there will be enough adequately to supply even the repeat business and the new, ex-soldier trade. But this is one trend that reactionary males need no longer resist. Summer slack suits in full color may never become just the thing to wear to tea at the British Embassy, or the Court of St. James, but for other occasions they come pretty close to universal air conditioning and are here to stay. Order your 1946 models early.

IN a world in which nothing is important but the awesome concepts of atomic power, the question of matching up sox, tie and pocket handkerchief probably leads the list of *trivia*. Even if yours are red, white and blue, in that order, nobody's atoms will be shattered. But so long as you've got to put them on anyhow, you might as well try to keep them from fighting openly. And fussing about them will take your mind off your hangover.

My color-conscious friends tell me the simplest way for us unlearned gents to achieve what they call harmonizing accessories is to hold handkerchief, tie and sox together and give them a moment of concentrated attention. If one of the sort leaps out at you, remove it at once. It doesn't belong in that social set. If none of them smacks you in the face, the probabilities are that they blend or that you are color blind. I believe this to be sound and reasonable advice and pass it along with one further recommendation. Remember that you are also, if you wish to be legally attired, wearing a shirt and suit. It might be wise to get them into the picture, too.

Those proponents of reform in men's dress, who specialize in advocating relief from its monochrome monotony, are fond of pointing out that among the birds it is the males who have the gorgeous plumage. This happy act of Nature, the more vociferous of them aver, is what the Creator intended for us all. As a consequence, man's steadfast refusal to wear anything but gray, brown or



blue serge is upsetting to the universal balance and may be, they hint darkly, the cause of the alarming increase in divorces as well as numerous other social ills.

THIS small but enterprising minority is probably responsible for the rash of brilliant hand-painted neckties (and their inevitable imitations, machinemade but undimmed) which now infect the counters of almost every haberdashery in the land. Though I have on occasion worn orange slacks, and (on other occasions I assure you) a bright green shirt, and occasionally other vivid evidences of resplendency, I find these ties a not unmixed blessing. They are indeed colorful and as such refreshing in the very drab world of men. Their very blatancy imparts a subtle courage to those who wear them; no man can be a Casper Milquetoast in a hand-painted tie. They may therefore contribute in some measure to the present boom in which we have prosperity without manufacture.

But unfortunately they are an apurtenance which, though belonging to men, has been appropriated by

women and children—especially nieces and nephews. It has always been considered difficult to select something which would make a suitable gift for a man past thirty, and by common consent the necktie was settled upon as a universal compromise. Men meekly accepted ties as their due on all occasions from Christmas to wedding anniversaries. It was a good arrangement; nobody was badly hurt spending one or two dollars in thus disposing of this annoying gift problem. And we weren't expected to wear the tie more than once.

But now, with the hand-painted tie an item for brisk trade, it's going to cost more, a lot more, to keep up with the Joneses in this matter of gift neckties. You can put out ten, fifteen or twenty dollars on one of these deals and the clerk will still hand it to you in a paper bag. The women and children aren't going to like this. Come Father's Day they may begin shopping around for something else to give the old man. Something like a genuine leather belt, maybe. Anyhow the old necktie arrangement is threatened, and anything can happen. It's too bad. It worked pretty well.

Air Freight

(Continued from page 9)

ing on its verdant leaf. Although air freight still is a fledgling business, the rate for transporting ten ounces of spinach has been cut from 27¢ to 21¢, and the experts really haven't gone to work yet on costs and carrying charges.

More recently, fresh flowers have been flown from Mexico into the States and California fresh strawberries have been sold all over the East in the dead of winter at local summer ceiling prices. Produce men in Detroit and Rochester, who have been dealing in the stuff all their lives, had the experience of eating a tree-ripened pineapple for the first time. The difference between a truly ripe pineapple and one picked eight to ten weeks before it is sold—what you've always bought—is analagous to kissing a girl with and without a catcher's mask.

Shortly before V-J Day, sixty kitchen gas ranges were needed urgently to complete homes for war workers in critical industries on the West Coast. The ranges were available in Chicago—about two weeks distant by slow rail freight. The entire load of sixty ranges was put on a plane and delivered the following morning. Even such sturdy cargo as ranges takes a bad beating by slow freight; repairs often run as high as 25 percent. Only four of the air-flown ranges required a few minor touches to make them serviceable the same day.

On September 28th last, a young bride and her Marine fresh from the South Pacific were thrown into a frightful tizzy when they discovered

that wedding gowns in St. Louis were scarcer than teetotalers in Dublin on St. Patrick's Day. The wedding was scheduled for the 29th and the bride was determined to have a gown or hysterics. The Stix-Baer-Fuller store sent a hurry-call to a New York manufacturer. The same afternoon a gown was shipped by air freight and arrived in time to make the necessary alterations. The bride was happy and, presumably, beautiful. The gown retailed for \$49.95 and the cost of the seven-pound package, \$3.16, was a negligible price to keep alive the spark of romance and a customer for life.

All major aviation companies are preparing to jump into air freight with both feet, but American Airlines is talking the most about it. Rather, Jim Wooten, American's cargo traffic manager, is doing all the plain and fancy talking. Wooten, a stocky, well-stacked bloke of 32, is a former trucker, newspaper circulation hustler and Marine. Dynamic is an inadequate word when applied to him. He could sell electric fans to the guy who sells refrigerators to Eskimos.

"Everybody, all of a sudden, gets worried about the poor old railroads when you mention air freight," Wooten says. "We're not in competition with the railroads and we never will be. Our interest isn't in tonnage but in what we can create in the way of new markets for new commodities sold by new merchandising methods."

"The more perishable a commodity is, the greater its potential for air

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APPEARANCE

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freight. A produce man would be a sucker to ship potatoes and cabbages by air. The railroads will continue to get that business, which accounts for 60 percent of the total tonnage they haul in foodstuffs. It's the same with citrus fruits. More than 50 percent is shipped by rail, which is all right with us. It has no air potential. Our dish is green vegetables and ripe fruit, the stuff the railroads don't handle because it spoils in transit. With air, though, we can bring the truck farms and orchards of California and Texas to the back doors of New York and Chicago."

THERE is another cogent reason why air freight disavows competition with the railroads. Shipping via air is expensive. Present rates for air freight run from 35¢ to 53¢ per ton mile, depending on the type of cargo. Railroad express is 13¢ and first-class rail freight is about 6¢ per ton mile. On September 11th, American completed 35 experimental transcontinental flights with Consolidated Vultee M-39 transports at 14¢ per ton mile for a full planeload. Railroad rates for full carloads are so much lower, however, that even Wooten admits air never will be able to compete with surface transportation on an all-over basis.

"We still can perform an important function in fields where price is no consideration," Wooten argues. "Air will revolutionize the fashion industry. You know how it is with a dame. She'll pay five or ten dollars more for a dress if she can buy an exclusive model in Dallas or San Francisco the same day it's shown in New York. When a woman is spending \$75 or more for a dress or a suit, an extra five-dollar bill won't stop her if she knows for sure she'll be first in town with the original model. She realizes, as we do, there's nothing more perishable than women's fashions.

"It has been established in the food line that people will pay premiums for prepared products, choice and guaranteed quality and branded merchandise advertised nationally. With air freight, fresh fruits and vegetables can be put on the market for the first time with those added plus values for the consumer. That's what I mean when I yap about creating new markets. There is a tremendous field for 'pot-ready' commodities with which you can put the grower's name right in the kitchen and guarantee the housewife uniform, top quality.

"When shoppers smarten up and learn that air-freighted produce eliminates the waste that goes with buying fresh vegetables off a stand, they'll discover the price differential isn't as tough as it appears to be. In a pound of peas or lima beans, for instance, there are only seven ounces of edible stuff. All the rest is hull. A head of cauliflower average 2.8 pounds, but the meat weighs only 1.1 pounds. A housewife is getting a bargain, therefore, even if she pays twice as much for air produce—and

we'll get the price 'way below that ratio within a year."

Wooten sighs lugubriously. "It all adds up to more tyranny of dames. A wife will be able to play bridge until five minutes before dinner, open a few cellophane bags and if her husband, who's been knocking his brains out all day, doesn't get home on the button, she'll chew his ear off."

PERHAPS the most arresting aspect of air freight is Wooten's loud insistence that it will effect important savings for the public in those lines where the retailer is compelled at present to maintain a large stock. Our hero, who has more fancy figures than a chorus girls' undressing room, has made intensive surveys of the women's economics department at Denison University.

"Cockeyed merchandising methods forced on retailers are costing the public a fortune every year," Wooten cries. "In normal times, the ultimate cost the consumer absorbs for the merchants' inventory losses adds up to something that looks like the national debt. In the period from 1930 to 1940, there was a markdown of 27 percent on all the dresses sold in this country in the \$12.75 to \$25 range. The average markdown on each garment was \$5.29 and for the entire line it was \$1.25.

"Deliveries from the manufacturer are so slow that the retailer is forced to buy his entire stock five months in advance of the season. He's buying in the dark, trying to guess with the customers' changing moods. Consequently, he gets stuck with a lot of out-sizes, off-colors and bum styles. The customer actually doesn't benefit when a dress is marked down five bucks less than the original price. For every markdown, there is a mark-up that's included in the first price of the dress.

"Air freight will stabilize the fashion industry by enabling a local merchant to analyze his market more accurately and eliminate the gamble of stocking up five months in advance of the season. Nobody can read a woman's mind, but if you can sell her a dress before she can change her mind, you've got something.

"If a retailer knows he can re-order a number and get delivery anywhere in the United States within twenty-four hours, he has his inventory problem licked. He will buy only a few models in each size and color, then re-order in accordance with customer reaction. He can't get stuck and the public isn't slugged with the hidden markdown price the retailer tacks on today to protect himself. What's the result? The retailer makes bigger profits and the customer saves money, even though the cost of shipping a dress by air freight is twelve times more than sending it by rail."

A classic example of the hazards involved in women's fashions goes back to 1939—and it still gives people in the trade conniption fits. In March of that year, leading designers came up with a new, brilliant

color, Constellation Blue, for the Fall. Stores loaded up with the new eye-knocker in expectation of big business. On September 1st, when Fall styles were about to be launched, something happened. Something history will remember as Hitler's invasion of Poland and the outbreak of World War II. Constellation Blue couldn't be sold at any price. It was too gay and bold; the mood of the nation had changed overnight.

"IT NEVER would've happened if air freight had been used," Wooten says smugly. "Some people say I'm a dopey dreamer, but the time is coming soon when the entire fashion industry will use air exclusively, from the setting of dies, printing of goods and manufacturing to delivery. Right now it takes five months to create fashions. It can be reduced to five weeks if all the steps in the process are handled by air.

"The manufacturers of New York will come after me with sections of lead pipe for saying this, but there's no reason in the world why they should have a monopoly on the garment industry. Seventy-one percent of the two-billion-dollar industry is located in or near New York. Figures show the concentration of the business in one corner of the country costs everybody 19¢ on every garment sold. The differences in labor and manufacturing costs, rents and taxes between New York and Texas, just for example, would cut that 19¢ to a dime.

"Anyone who maintains an inventory and takes a loss on obsolescence must consider air freight. Take women's shoes. You know how many sizes of one style are needed to stock a store? Fifty-six. It's a cinch the merchant can't sell all sizes of one style, but he's got to buy them just in case he gets a call from a customer. He finally has to reduce the price of the numbers that don't go and the average markdown is \$1.25. A pair of shoes can be shipped by air to any point in this country for 26¢ at present rates. By using air freight for ordering replacements of sizes and styles, the retailer will save almost a dollar on each pair of shoes sold and the saving can be passed on to the customer.

"The same thing goes for heavy goods. The Harvester people had to write off a million-dollar loss in Europe on tractor parts they sold to dealers before the war. Same old story. The dealers stocked up with stuff that's obsolete now, even if it could be found, because delivery was slow. Look at automobile dealers. More guys went broke because they were stuck with obsolete parts than failure to sell cars. It's unnecessary for them to load up with stuff that may be good for nothing but junk if they know they can get any spare they need in 24 hours for ten percent of the cost of the part."

Wooten really waxes lyrical and gives a lifelike imitation of a pneumatic drill in discussing his pet project—air delivery by mail order



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houses on advertisements placed in newspapers a thousand miles from the home office.

"This will sound like Buck Rogers on a jet-propelled moonbeam, but listen before you call the men in the white coats. It actually is possible for a mail order house in Chicago to fill an order and deliver the goods in rural California in less time than it takes a department store in Los Angeles.

"Here's how it works: A customer reads an ad in the paper and telegraphs his order to Los Angeles. The order is transmitted by teletype to the home office in Chicago. If it's received before noon on Monday, let's say, the customer will get delivery by air freight early Wednesday morning. The department store in Los Angeles probably makes only two deliveries a week in that rural section. It can't possibly give 48-hour service by truck or rail and it may take as long as four days to fill the order.

"Don't tell me I'm nuts because we actually handled 18,000 orders on August 10th exactly that way. We learned some very astonishing things. The average order cleared the home office in one hour and 41 minutes. There was no credit check or book-keeping done in the Los Angeles branch. The average cost of shipping the order by air was 22¢ more than it would've been by parcel post, but here's the gimmick—by-passing the branch store resulted in a saving of 40¢ in clerical costs on each order. It added up to this: Air

freight made it possible to save 18¢ per order and give service that couldn't be duplicated by a store a thousand miles closer to the customer. I just want to know how can you beat it?

"You know what this means to metropolitan newspapers? They'll be able to print special spot advertisements in all communities and increase the radius of their circulation. Big-city papers are so much better than local sheets printed in rural communities that, as a by-product, air freight may even raise the intelligence of the United States although I don't want to go out on a limb and claim too much."

Apart from the obvious commercial aspects of air freight, its health and humanitarian uses are inestimable. Each week 28,000 vials of penicillin are transported from the States to Mexico by air freight, the safest method of shipping the drug. Penicillin will deteriorate if it is not kept at a temperature of 50 degrees or thereabouts. It is easy to control constant temperature in a plane, a factor important in the handling of perishable foods and biologicals.

A plan, suggested by Wooten, is under consideration by UNRRA to speed the rehabilitation of Europe by shipping live baby chicks overseas in cargo planes. It seems that chicks can withstand no more than 72 hours in transit because they cannot be fed en route. Air freight could solve one phase of Europe's desperate food shortage. Those great

Army C-47 transports, the same planes commercial aviation uses for cargo flights, regularly span the Atlantic in 18 hours or less, as the Belgians discovered when a shipment of iron lungs was rushed to them during a polio epidemic last summer.

"This air freight business has greater possibilities than Lana Turner in a bathing suit," Wooten raves. "I'll wind up with my neck in a sling if I'm wrong, but I'm willing to bet that within five years all major airlines will get more revenue from hauling cargo than they get from passengers, even though passenger traffic will increase seven times over current figures. We'll deliver everything but new-born babies faster and better than anything the world has ever known."

It is plain that Wooten has a rush of air-freight fever to the head, and the virus ultimately will affect his knee. In November, 1943, Pvt. J. A. Wooten went on Marine combat maneuvers at New River, N. C. The Marines play war pretty realistically; shell fragments put Wooten in the hospital and, presently, into civilian clothes. In his zeal to promote air freight, Wooten discarded his cane too quickly and ran around so frenetically that he has been warned he will be left with a permanent stiff knee.

"Things could be a lot worse," he says philosophically. "I'd be in an awful jam if that shrapnel caught me on the chin and left me with a stiff jaw."

The Grass Roots of Business

(Continued from page 20)

manufacturers, other musical instrument makers and teachers. Subsequently many of the views were reproduced on letterheads and popularized in New York.

The application of color by the lithographic process had been developed by this time. Virtually everybody knows now that this is what brought advertising out of its swaddling reader-notice clothes and enabled it to become the tremendous force it is today. It also made possible modern periodical magazines with total circulations larger than all the rest of the world enjoy, together with color in the Sunday features and the comic strips. But the original users were merchants who ran off large colored prints of their building fronts to be given away.

With the development of art in label-making came the application of the process to packages. From 1875 to 1900 lithography was increasingly used to merchandise tobacco, patent medicines, textiles, agricultural implements and a host of other products. This gave rise to the issuance of what are known to collectors now as Yankee Trade Cars. The size of an ordinary postcard, these little prints

in themselves constitute a history of virtually every existing industry except such infants as radio and motor cars. Some early manufacturers of the horseless buggy used them for a time, until they were outgrown by more modern forms of advertising. The Warshaw Collection has about 25,000 of the trade cards.

The collection of sheet music advertisements offers probably the best illustration of the fact that every new business is basically only a by-product of an earlier one. The piano people had so much success with these that other growing industries decided they had to get people singing about their wares in order to sell them. Away back when, Studebaker hired the best song-writer of the day and a flock of song-pluggers to introduce a snappy two-horse, six-passenger station carriage with a tune entitled "Waiting for the Wagon". Papa in all the glory of his stove-pipe hat, stick, tight pants, high collar and curly black mustache was shown on the cover with Mama in a hoop-skirt and the quaintly attired kids at a railway station. An early locomotive with a funnel stack puffed away in the background, while the

graves galloped up to the station in a cloud of dust.

Along came the typewriter—originally known as the caligraph—and Remington subsidized a number entitled "Since my Daughter Plays on the Typewriter". There was not a single hint of sordid commercialism in the text of the four-page sheet—but nobody with gray hairs who ever battled one of them could mistake the picture of the old "Remington Blind" on the front page. It was set forth that the words and music had been written expressly for the Prince of Minstrels, Mr. William Emerson, by Thomas P. Getz, and published in 1889 by E. D. MacDonald & Company of San Francisco. The ditty made a hit all over the country and no doubt helped to push the sale of the caligraph. Some of the lines may be worth repeating:

My daughter's as fine a young girl
as you'll meet,

In your travels day in and day out:
But she's getting high-toned and
she's putting on airs,

Since she has been working about.
When she comes home at night from
her office,

She walks in with a swag like a fighter;
And she tells the old lady to drop on herself
Since my daughter plays the typewriter.

Chorus

She cries in her sleep, "Your letter's to hand,"
She calls her old father esquire;
And the neighbors they shout when my daughter turns out
There goes Bridget Typewriter Maguire.

She says she's a regular daisy,
Uses slang till my poor heart is sore:
She now warbles snatches from opera,
Where she used to sing Peggy O'Moore.
Sure, she's gone to the devil entirely,
She's bleached her hair till it is lighter;
And I'll dance a can-can on the face of the man
Who taught her to play the typewriter.

Radio commentators are not really new. What seems new about them today is only the modern extension of an old idea. Even the use of songs especially to plug some commercial product—"Rum and Coca Cola", for example—is new only in the use of the ether to get the messages across. A lot of people grumble about the plugs, but everybody knows that without the sponsors radio never could have attained its present status. Also, without the profits to pay for the research, television would still be in the dream stage.

It has been noted that virtually all the material in the Warshaw Collection is stuff that went into wastebaskets except for examples put into storage and forgotten. I. Warshaw, who put it together and now has it in New York, was originally a dealer in old and rare books at Albany. In common with others he had to get his stock in trade wherever he could find it. Old trunks, country courthouses being razed to make room for modern buildings, attics, packing cases held in storage for long periods while estates were in litigation—the sources are innumerable.

Warshaw says he once heard of an institution for the indigent which was being liquidated because all the inmates had died and what was left of the endowment was shifted by court order to another fund. He attended the sale and got about a thousand pounds of old books and papers. The papers were found later to contain one of the most complete collections in the country of nineteenth century lotteries. All of them had been backed and operated by one-time rich and highly respected citizens—and one of the richest wound up in the poorhouse with nothing left but his files.

Dealers may take a general look at such sales, but they are not per-

mitted to pick and choose. They bid on an entire lot of what the auctioneer frequently regards as junk. Often they make one find worth many times the cost of the lot. The rest of the stuff, generally classified as old advertising literature which has long outlasted its original purpose, is tossed into the trash. Warshaw did that with the stuff until he got bitten by the collector-bug on which he earned his living. He became interested in Yankee trade cards, particularly the colored ones, and then it was only a matter of time until the book dealers lost a competitor.

Most of the fraternity thought the young man had gone crazy when he began to offer real money for the stuff they were going to throw away. For some time it was just a hobby. Then Warshaw found himself being crowded out of his quarters by the accumulation of material. Also he suddenly took note of the fact that a lot of college professors, writers and artists were writing to ask him questions, or looking him up personally. Most of them were historians. Some enterprising advertising agencies "discovered" the collection, and now the moving pictures use it regularly to get historical accuracy into their costumes and crowd sets.

About ten years ago, as a consequence, Warshaw began to realize that the history of the United States is nothing more than the history of American industry. This had been overlooked by contemporary writers because they were too close to it. Later historians, fully aware that commerce is, after all, the first thing that differentiates man from the other animals, had to take post-dated accounts of what really went on in the formative days of the Republic.

They missed a lot of the first chapter telling how a great many vast movements had their humble start.

"We take things for granted in this country that even after more than a half century of the industrial age have the rest of the world wondering what makes America different," says Warshaw. "We aren't, of course, considered just as human beings. We are more efficient, more alert, more daring in our industrial enterprises. The one thing that has made our industry and institutions different is the individual right to strike out on a new line, regardless of class distinctions, traditions, shibboleths and bunk about divine rights. Man is largely the product of his environment, and that in this country has been totally unlike anything that ever went before it. The highest intellectual republics of the past were based economically on and supported by a certain proportion of slave labor."

Significantly, it was not until this nation freed its slaves that it got really started on the brand new high-road to prosperity. The textile industry was about the only one that could have been called a mechanized big business prior to the war between the States. Around the turn of the

century a famous engineer said we were packing more progress into a hundred years than any other people ever had in 2,000 years. Actually he was making an understatement. In many of the important things of everyday life we have gone farther in the past 80 years than men did before in five thousand.

One example of this is a handbill announcing the first demonstration by Spencer of the steel pen, in the middle of the last century. Except for the goose-quill, that marked the first real improvement on the stylus or pointed stick with which the Sumerians wrote on clay tablets 3,000 B. C., and earlier. Hundreds of patents have been issued since for improvements on Spencer's invention. Fountain pens of all types represent only one group in this list. Even more important to present-day business and government is the pen hitched up in series that enables officials to sign multiple vouchers with a single writing.

On many occasions such industries as chemicals, bakeries, candy, soap and ink makers have been able to locate in the collection early formulae which had been forgotten or lost. Except for the advertising agencies seeking early illustrations of the "how it started" type of display, or to demonstrate the long experience of their clients, individual firms are now the most numerous users of the collection. It has evidence not found anywhere else on the histories of particular industries, the evolution of printed advertising, of commercial lithography, of advertising art, and the development of sales promotion through the use of advertising, souvenirs, catalogs, premiums and counter displays.

Economists of all the conflicting schools are agreed just now on one point. This is that if the United States is to avoid another depression, methods must be found to improve the distribution machinery necessary to handle the tremendous increase in productive capacity developed during the emergency of war. A noted economist says the collection contains much information on specialization, diversification and integration of business firms, the location of trade and industry and changes in consumer demands of the past. This is being studied by marketing experts with a two-fold purpose; to find out what has been tried before and failed, and why, and thereby avoid similar mistakes in the future; and to locate merchandising ideas abandoned only because they were ahead of their time.

Many advertisements that appear crude, comic and even vulgar today contain innumerable examples of inventions and sales ideas born too soon. The pattern of life in this country for the past hundred and fifty years, and particularly in the last half century, has been unlike anything that preceded or paralleled it anywhere else on earth. Here the dreams that a handful of scientific minds in the past had to hide in

Blatz Beer



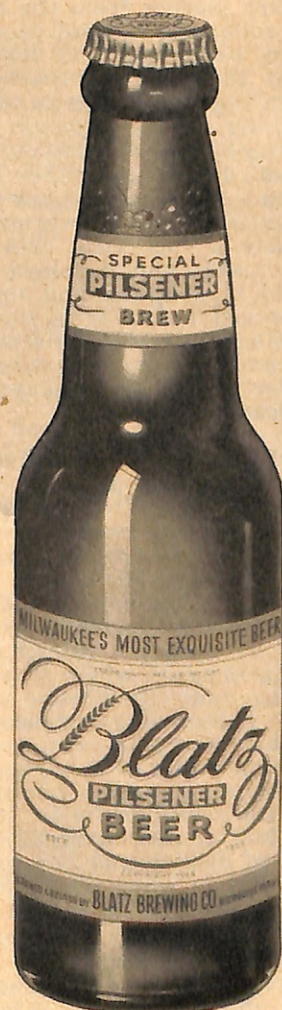
Smooth Enjoyment in *Good Taste*

Here's a promise, kept for nearly a century.

Blatz always gives the smooth enjoyment
you seek in a fine beer. To be sure
of Good Taste, ask for Blatz.



*Blatz has been celebrated for
Good Taste since 1851, when
Sitting Bull was little more than
a papoose.*



Copyright 1946, Blatz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis. • In our 95th year.

ciphers became realities. Here the talking machine invented as a toy became the vast phonograph industry.

A study of other early toys from this point of view now being made may suggest any number of new devices for general consumer convenience or service. Few persons realize that in spite of the far-reaching use made of inventions in this country, there has actually been a tremendous overproduction. The reason is that this is the only nation which has ever made change its watchword, and a conscious vehicle for a steadily rising standard of living. The pictorial and textual record of how this has worked constitutes an absorbing story of the wholly new point of view developed in the minds of men with the establishment of the United States.

"Our cultural life, after all," says Warshaw, "reduces itself to how we live day by day. Evolution everywhere else has been allowed to run its course. People in the mass were its helpless pawns. But here we have taken evolution in hand and turned the process around, making man the master of his own fate to a higher degree than ever before. We did this not only by discovery, invention and research, but by making the products of these forces available to all through advertising."

As a consequence research workers are getting an accurate, contemporary picture from the material in the collection of what people ate and wore, where and how they traveled, what they did for amusement and often what they were thinking about. Nothing is more certain than that an unpopular advertising campaign doesn't last long. Either it is halted in time or it runs the business of the advertiser into bankruptcy. Conversely a successful campaign that anticipates and develops latent demand is enlarged and imitated—or improved upon. It is like a needle constantly probing for a nerve center of human needs, so that it becomes a leader as well as a follower of mass aspiration.

EDUCATORS at several of the large universities devoting more and more attention to current business problems have been discussing with Mr. Warshaw since 1941 various plans for institutionalizing the collection. The owner has definite ideas on that subject, the strongest of which is that he does not intend to turn it into a museum where it would be of service only to writers of history. The individual businessmen who make history, he says, are the natural inheritors of the collection. He's a little businessman himself.

With a million items, the biggest problem in this connection would be that of display and how to keep the material in circulation. From time to time exhibits on special industries have been provided for the Museum of the City of New York. One that enticed economists, bankers, businessmen and government officials away from busy wartime jobs pictured

the pocketbook of the common man and what is done to it during and after the great war. Everybody knew what it was doing to the cost of living at that time. The exhibit revealed in parallel columns what happened during and after the Civil, Spanish-American and first World War to the general price structure and the cost of living.

Exhibits also have appeared at the New York Advertising Club, conventions of many industries, and sales or advertising sessions of several large corporations. Often the show startles the oldest director of an enterprise who, on retirement from active duty, has made a hobby of digging up the facts on how it all started, and when, and by whom. It was Gray and not Bell, for example, who gave the first actual public demonstration of the telephone at the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition in 1876.

THE actual functioning of what is variously called the machine, industrial or mass production age began in this country around 1870. The rugged individualists—or malefactors of great wealth, as Teddy Roosevelt called them during the battle for the anti-trust legislation—were actually men who had set up combines; the daddies of big business as it is today. Since Warshaw was convinced that every trick and tool these men had in their kits had been developed by one-man pioneer enterprises prior to that year, he started originally to collect nothing but items with an earlier date.

Here again, however, he was bitten by his own bug. Collecting is his business, but it also is a mania. Even if a rare item is not in his own specific line, every collector gets to know the specialist who would give his right eye for the number. So he picks it up when the opportunity arises in the hope that Mister Specialist will have something he wants on which they can make a trade. Then he finds something else in the same line, and eventually finds himself adding that line to his own collections.

Sports, for example, were not included at first. It was all aimed at proving that it is the little business that has built this country's big ones; also its cultural, charitable and educational institutions. But what was a collector going to do when he had a chance to pick up a copy of a ten-cent weekly newspaper, dated 1879, called the *Great Walk*, with "for the Astley Belt" as a sub-title? Particularly when it was flipped open and found to contain not only fine engravings of such tremendous walkers as O'Leary, Weston and Howell, but also a full page on "Madame Anderson".

It might be interesting to throw that name at Information Please to find out whether even the learned John Kieran—who started as a sports writer—knows who she was. Half a dozen much older scribes didn't. For their benefit and that of anybody else who wants to know she is the lady who accomplished "the

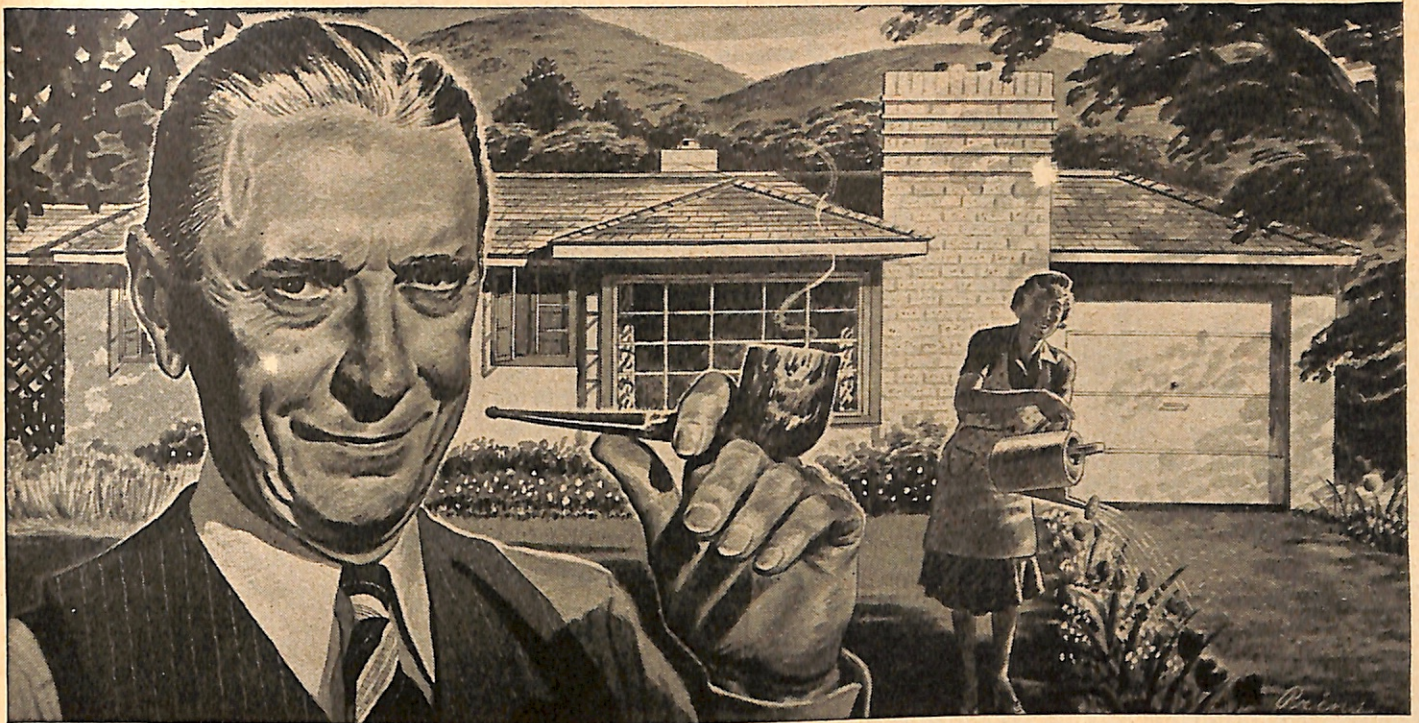
remarkable feat of walking 2,700 quarter-miles in 2,700 quarter-hours," at Mozart Garden, in Brooklyn. Unfortunately the paper doesn't give the dates of that exploit, though on another page it devotes four packed columns of small type to the history of "the beautiful Queen of the Circus who was only a boy—the story of Ella Zoyara". Ella was really Omar Kingsley, one of the greatest circus riders of all time, born in 1836, who died in Bombay in 1879—and even at forty-three could masquerade as a girl.

Even that modern master of ballyhoo, Mike Jacobs, might learn things he never knew about his art by going through this and a lot of other items on Nineteenth Century sports in the collection. It covers any number of long-since forgotten games, as well as forgotten facts about the sports which have survived. Some of this information appears in the "dope books" obtainable by anybody, but in most instances it doesn't appear anywhere else. The collection has been largely purged of facts well established—except when the material proves that some established belief was not based on fact.

IN PASSING it might be noted that the flea circus is not an American invention. A minor item in the collection reveals that around 1810 an "Extraordinary Exhibition" was put on in London under the patronage of "Her Royal Highness, the Princess Augusta, The Nobility, Gentry, &c, &c", showing a group of industrious fleas. One of them drew all by himself a small gold car with four wheels, carrying a miniature "First Rate Man of War, 120 guns, with sails, rigging, anchors, and everything requisite in a real three-decker (not forgetting a numerous crew)." A couple of others decided an "Affair of Honour, Sword in Hand, on an appropriate Champ d'Honneur, i.e., Fighting a Duel", and two more with gold saddles and bridles were "rode by figures of proportionable size, representing Bounaparte, his Aid-de-Campe and his Mameluke Roustain, all in complete uniform".

Even the politicians might disinter a few of the tricks of the trade invented by their predecessors half a century ago or earlier in the collection. *The New York Tribune*, for example, brought out a number of booklets called extras in 1892. One of them, under the title of the "Tribune Monthly", published a list of all persons in the United States reputed to be worth a million or more. The introduction and concluding article revealed the fact that some other newspapers had published a list of 122 men worth five to 125 million dollars each a couple of years earlier. Moreover, the other papers charged or implied that most of these men were "robber barons", or manufacturers who had made their fortunes by reason of the high tariff.

Old Lady Trib analyzed the list and found that not more than 20 of the 122 had actually made their for-



Let your HEAD take you

(The average American today has a choice of just going where "his feet take him", or choosing wisely the course to follow. Let's skip ahead 10 years, and take a look at John Jones—and listen to him . . .)

"SOMETIMES I feel so good it almost scares me.

"This house—I wouldn't swap a shingle off its roof for any other house on earth. This little valley, with the pond down in the hollow at the back, is the spot I like best in all the world.

"And they're mine. I own 'em. Nobody can take 'em away from me.

"I've got a little money coming in, regularly. Not much—but enough. And I tell you, when you

can go to bed every night with nothing on your mind except the fun you're going to have tomorrow—that's as near Heaven as man gets on this earth!

"It wasn't always so.

"Back in '46—that was right after the war and sometimes the going wasn't too easy—I needed cash. Taxes were tough, and then Ellen got sick. Like almost everybody else, I was buying Bonds through the Payroll Plan—and I figured on cashing some of them in. But sick as she was, it was Ellen who talked me out of it.

"Don't do it, John!" she said. "Please don't! For the first time in our lives, we're really saving money. It's wonderful to know that every single payday we have more money put aside! John, if

we can only keep up this saving, think what it can mean! Maybe someday you won't have to work. Maybe we can own a home. And oh, how good it would feel to know that we need never worry about money when we're old!"

"Well, even after she got better, I stayed away from the weekly poker game—quit dropping a little cash at the hot spots now and then—gave up some of the things a man feels he has a right to. We didn't have as much fun for a while but we paid our taxes and the doctor and—we didn't touch the Bonds.

"What's more, we kept right on putting our extra cash into U. S. Savings Bonds. And the pay-off is making the world a pretty swell place today!"

The Treasury Department acknowledges with appreciation the publication of this advertisement by

★ The Elks Magazine ★

tunes in tariff-protected industries. It published this information, but the free traders didn't halt their attacks. On the contrary the Farmers Alliance began to assert, according to the Trib, that there were "31,000 millionaires in the United States, all of them having accumulated their wealth by the 'robbery' of the people". The Tribune thereupon went to work to disprove this, spent a year and a half interviewing or writing 1,500 distinguished citizens and turned up with the information that the country actually had only 4,047 millionaires.

Analysis of this list resulted in 76 classifications. The largest number—2,727—got their money from what the Tribune called "industries not in the least protected". Only 1,125 got it from protected industries. One unnamed million was "made in the

Tweed Ring, New York City"; two millionaires got theirs in "The Louisiana Lottery Business"; three in Show Business with real estate investments; one in a pension agency who published a weekly newspaper on the side to plug for the Grand Army of the Republic, and a doctor got in, too—but he made a lot of his million by investing his fees in real estate.

Here again an advertisement proved to be one of the most interesting items in the book. It was inserted by the Tribune itself, and it offered to all and sundry for \$1.00—or eighty cents to regular subscribers to the daily—a poem entitled "Our Chauncey", plugged by the Trib as "the foremost of American orators, brilliant, sparkling, sound and sagacious". Isaac H. Bromley was the author, and the illustrators were Dan

Beard and Charles Dana Gibson. In the blurb the newspaper said that "when first read in New York, before the Yale College boys, it was received with one prolonged burst of laughter and applause, which lasted to the end".

Chauncey M. Depew unquestionably was a great orator. He was also a high tariff man—and extremely effective in supporting it. The battle lines on that subject were faintly drawn in the early nineties, and both sides were predicting that the nation was going right to the bow-wows if their side didn't win. That battle has been resumed in the halls of Congress and the newspapers, now that the big war has been won. But the ancient advertisements show that it is the same old story of free enterprise—competing just a little more vociferously.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 21)

she make complete fools of either the husband or the wife. If Mr. Cugat sometimes gets into a jam, so does Mrs. Cugat, and when they work out of it they act like the average human being, not like freaks or eccentrics. Mrs. Rorick really flatters her readers. You know that when reading about the wine cellar that Cugat builds in his wife's laundry, every woman is going to identify herself with the patient Mrs. Cugat, who is so generous and forbearing, never scolding. And when Mrs. Cugat is good-naturedly kidding her husband about Mrs. Maxwell, and the joke turns on her, Mr. Cugat is just as kind and patient, to the delight of all male readers who think of themselves in the same manner. Not all married life is filled with poison and mayhem, and Mrs. Rorick knows it. Here's to the Cugats! (Houghton, Mifflin, \$2)

MARJORIE CORYN writes an excellent tale in "The Marriage of Josephine". That is because she is able to analyze a woman's emotions. Josephine is Napoleon's wife, and the story deals with those tempestuous days of the French Revolution, between 1794 and 1799, when Napoleon was deeply in love with her and she was able to ride the storm that destroyed so many of her friends. Here Napoleon is a secondary character. (D. Appleton-Century, \$3)

YOU never can tell why some books become unexpectedly popular, but you can guess. For the last few weeks the public has been buying "The Egg and I" by Betty Macdonald, in ever-increasing numbers. It's just as if the word is being passed around, "Here's something you'd like to read." And, I'm sure, you would. Mrs. Macdonald's story deals with her own adventures on a chicken farm in the state of Washington. She was practically isolated with her hus-

band among thousands of chickens, with so many chores to do daily that she could hardly catch her breath. But here's the extraordinary part—she not only kept her health and vigor, but she saw the whole thing as a very funny experience, and describes it as a good joke even when she thinks it is on herself. I have an idea that it is this great good humor, this ability to take it, plus the homely character of the experience, that is making this book such popular reading just now. Let's count in also its remoteness from the war, from suspicions of other nations and from dire threats of atomic destruction. We are in a mood to laugh with people who look on the cheerful side of things, as an antidote to the long faces we have had to wear these hard years. (J. B. Lippincott Co., \$2.75)

HERE let me mention two books that must interest anyone who takes music seriously. The first is "Beethoven" by Donald Francis Tovey, who was professor of music at Edinburgh before his death and an authority on this subject. This is a work of scholarship, not a popularization; it is for those who make a serious effort to understand Beethoven's art forms, rhythm, tonality, language and "three dimensions". (Oxford, \$3). The other is "The Bach Reader", a life of Johann Sebastian Bach in letters and documents arranged by Hans T. David and Arthur Mendel. This is also a serious work, but a rewarding one for anyone interested in the personality of Bach. (W. W. Norton & Co., \$6)

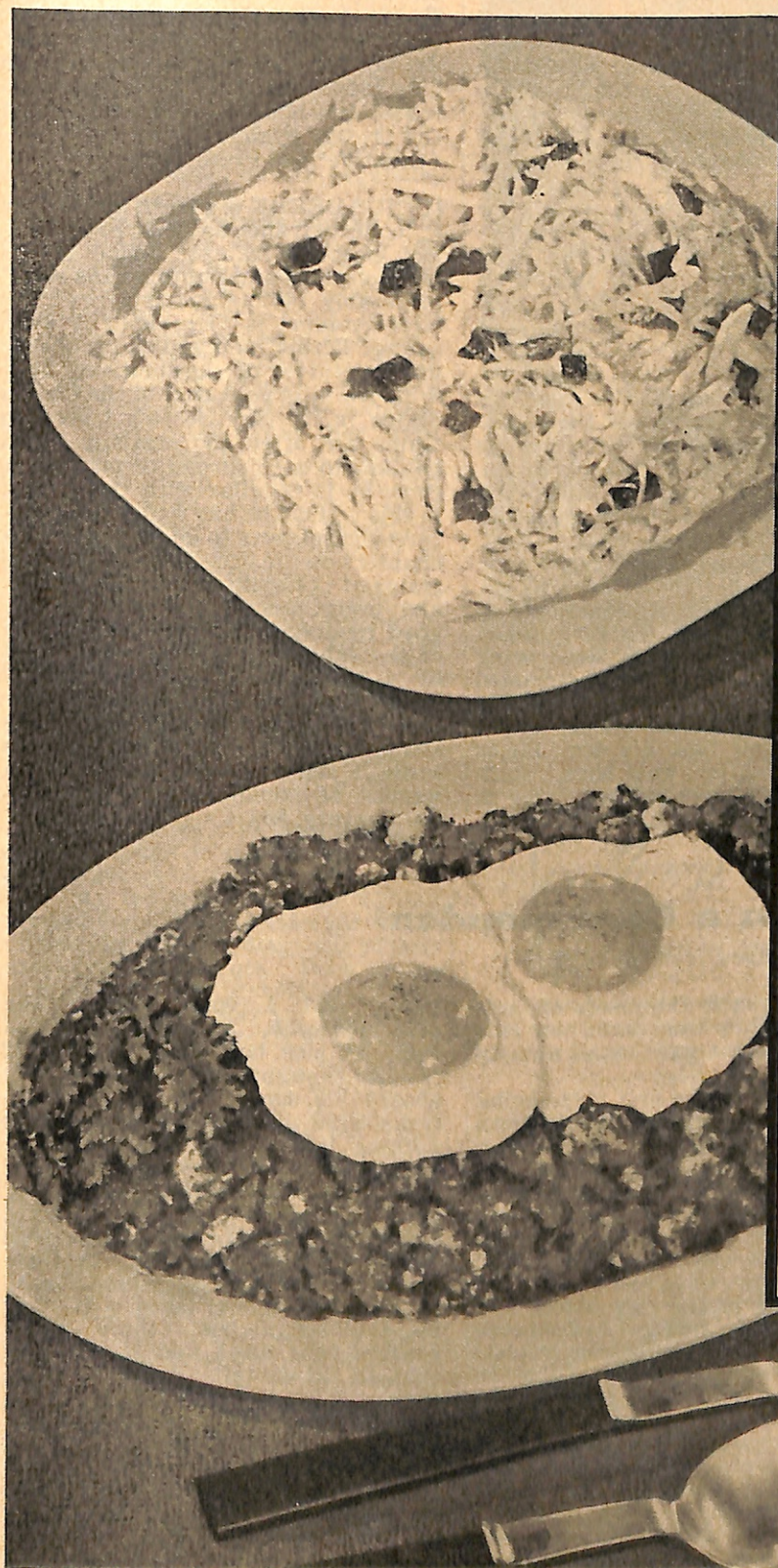
SOME great war tales remain to be told, and the boys are telling them—whenever they meet, on ship and on shore. The submarine has a lot to tell, for most of their experiences were muffled for secrecy during the war. Carl Carmer, who is an accomplished tale teller himself, has been

listening to Lieut. Commander "Bull" Wright, otherwise William Leslie Wright, executive officer of the submarine *Sturgeon*, and transcribing his words for us to read. They make good reading, too, in "The Jesse James of the Java Sea". (Farrar & Rinehart, \$1.50). Tales about patrolling, tracking the enemy, lying amid the coral reefs to evade depth bombing, the hard work of the dull days and the tense moments of fighting. There were times when "the *Sturgeon* was a watertight bottle filled with a compound of sure patience and eagerness for action". It shot torpedoes at transports filled with soldiers, merchantmen, destroyers. It fought coral reefs and typhoons. These are the experiences that will be told and retold on many a peaceful night.

THE U. S. Coast Guard should not be overlooked, either. Its duties went far beyond the fishing banks of New England. The Coast Guard turned up the saboteurs that the Nazis landed on a Long Island beach, and unloaded a burning freighter in Jersey City which had 1365 tons of explosives, including one-ton bombs, in her hold. They worked in France and Tarawa and on Greenland's icy strand. More than forty stories of their experiences, written by war correspondents and members of the Coast Guard have been gathered in "Sea, Surf and Hell", by Commander Arch A. Mercey and Lee Grove, C. Sp., USCGR. The authors of the sketches are Rex Ingraham, Tom Treanor, Edwin C. Hill, Charles A. Rawlings, A. J. Liebling and others. (Prentice-Hall, \$3)

Choo-choo-choo, here come the railroads. Asking for their place in the sun, too, and denying that their services are outmoded or their usefulness ended in the age of airplanes. So far as books go, railroads are always romantic. If you don't have to

When good tastes
get Together



ONE FINE TASTE adds to another when you begin a meal with a cocktail or highball made with Seagram's 5 Crown.

For Seagram's 5 Crown is made to *accent* good taste. Seagram's long experience in making finer whiskeys...making them taste better...adds a special smoothness...a rare mellowness that gives this whiskey finer flavor...for your finer enjoyment!

Good taste says, "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"...because Seagram's 5 Crown always pleases good taste!

Seagram's 5 Crown

*Say Seagram's and be Sure
of Pre-War Quality*

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 proof. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York

toil as a brakeman in a freight yard, with cinders underfoot and overhead, you can rhapsodize in an armchair about the train that speeds across the prairies, leaving a long silver plume behind. And that is just what authors of books about trains and railroads wish us to do.

One of the great systems of America is the Santa Fe—Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe—and James Marshall, Los Angeles representative of *Collier's Weekly* and a former war correspondent, has described it, from its origins to its latest report on the earnings and disbursements, in "Santa Fe; the Railroad That Built an Empire". This is truly good reading, high adventure, with a bit of poetry thrown in. For Mr. Marshall can get poetical about a railroad. "Beside the old trail to Santa Fe," says he, "are the ghosts of the prairie people, the mountain blasters, the desert conquerors. These were the people who manhandled track across the plains and through the grim passes beyond. Behind them the corn grew tall and golden and the wheat sprouted, greened and ripened. Sheep drifted white in the high meadows. Over the hot sand wastes the water flowed like quicksilver and in the desert the oases spread, green and lush and fruitful."

As for the Santa Fe, it began when Cyrus Holliday convinced investors in Topeka that he could lay rails to Santa Fe. That was in 1868, before the Union Pacific had entered Utah and while Sheridan and Custer were still pursuing Indians in western Kansas. There were about 50,000 miles of rails in the United States, chiefly in the East. 'Twas said that a few years later the Kansas legislature, probably heavily manned by farmers, passed a law reading: "If

two trains meet on a single track both shall stop and neither shall proceed until the other has passed." But Kansas has no record of such a law today. The Santa Fe kept growing and, according to Mr. Marshall, grew to be "the greatest railroad in the world" between 1869 and 1890, which may be news to eastern readers who read the advertising of the New York Central and the Pennsylvania. The Santa Fe became known for its eating houses—founded by Fred Harvey. Mr. Marshall comes up to our expectations—he writes a book packed with railroad stories, with history told in dramatic passages, and he provides complete information about today's great system of the West. (Random House, \$3.75)

NEXT comes "Steelways of New England", by Alvin F. Harlow. Mr. Harlow writes about American lore and finds a fruitful subject in railroads. This is the first of a series of books called "The Railroads of America", so the editors of the "Rivers of America" series must have started something. The railroad era began in the 1820s, when the canals had just established themselves as important routes of transportation, and in 1827 the people of Massachusetts learned from their legislature that "a railway is a carriage road, so formed that the wheels move upon rails or any hard, smooth surface, such as iron, wood or stone, instead of forming ruts or tracks". When the Boston & Lowell was being projected in 1834, an engineer named Major George W. Whistler was made superintendent of the shops, and it was in Lowell that his son, James McNeill Whistler was born. Railroads did not have smooth going in New England, which had many preju-

dices to overcome. The New Haven, which began in 1838, was permitted to run trains on Sunday solely for the purposes of carrying mail, and passengers were not allowed on Sunday until late in the century. One of the great sensations in New England railroad history was the building of the Hoosac tunnel, completed in 1874, which was called "the great bore" because it became a troublesome subject to many before it was completed. Mr. Harlow devotes a chapter to it. His book shows how the early railroads were pieced together, for they did not have enough money to build long roads; eventually the little railroads were bought up and joined and the present systems were the result. (Creative Age Press, \$3.50)

UCIUS BEEBE is a train fancier; he collects trains, as other people collect postage stamps. That is, he rides on them and photographs them, preferably puffing locomotives. His latest volume is "Highball, A Pageant of Trains" and you can probably find pictures of locomotives that draw trains in your part of the United States in it. Mr. Beebe's books on trains are often too statistical and he likes to use railroad terms just to show he is familiar with them. But in this volume he has found some picturesque subjects to describe, and his chapters on the little railways, on the trains of Colorado and on the history and usefulness of the caboose are good reading. He thinks the cupola of the caboose was supplied in 1863 by a conductor on the Chicago & North Western. The caboose is now the "Bohemian of railroad rolling stock society", the freight crew's home, a self-contained world with a warmth of homeliness in it. (Appleton-Century, \$6)

Letters from a Correspondent

(Continued from page 38)

news we got was that American planes, on the afternoon before, had rocketed a bunch of Aussies who were climbing Hill 87 (an immediate objective). We heard that five were killed and nine or ten injured. The Aussies did not blame our planes but rather their own company commander who had sent them beyond the areas marked off to guide the planes. It was a bitter thing, and something that happens too often.

We ducked and charged around behind trees and in and out of holes every time we heard that "wheep! wheep! wheep!", and once we caught sight of some Japs heading for what looked like a trench. The Aussie guns were on them like a flight of hornets, and doubtless some were hit as they dived in. During this time, I found later, two of the reporters who went ashore with us—John Elliott and Bill Smith—were killed. The front was so fluid that they had worked up ahead of their own lines without knowing it and were caught

by a Bren gun in the hands of their own men. They were both nice lads and the accident gave us all a nasty day.

On the top of the first ridge going up from the shore we looked down into a valley of Dante's Inferno with the red flames writhing and surging and the black smoke belching up so thick that to look ahead into it was to look into black moonless night. At our backs was a sunny day.

By this time, what had been a mild attack of fever the day before had developed into a fine full-fledged case of one of those mysterious tropical ailments. I was scarcely able to stand and decided what the hell, fellows, I give up. I made my way back to the beach and a boat that was going into the LCI and there turned myself over to the Chief Pharmacist's Mate.

On Fox Day-plus-2 (July 3rd) another group of us was scheduled to fly up to TawiTawi and then on to Manila, but I folded. I was too ill to

move, and I went aboard the *USS Wasatch*, a communications ship, for sick bay. The Captain of the LCI thought I was too ill to stay aboard his small ship and had me transferred to the *Wasatch*, which is nothing less than a floating hotel. (I stayed in the sick bay for four days.) To my surprise, on the day after I went aboard, Hugh Cave turned up; he and three others were sailing with us that night for Morotai; it seemed the PBV which was to take them up had crashed in landing on the rough sea (three PBVs crashed that day) and it was felt that all future take-offs of the sort were out of the question. Fifteen minutes after that, two more lads, Jim O'Connor and Carroll Fitzgerald, were in sick bay with me. Jim had been so seasick all the way down on the LCI that he had not once been able to keep down a meal and Fitzgerald, who was the Press Relations Officer handling Cave, Cox, *et al*, contracted a case of sun-poisoning.

My ailment was diagnosed as Cat Fever. Any time you get a good high fever down in this neck of the woods you can count on it's being diagnosed either as cat fever or malaria. The medics cheerfully informed me that it closely parallels our flu. Having had flu many times I am in a position to recognize a lie when I hear one.

Now the *Wasatch*, she's a Navy ship. Very good chow, ice-water fountains, good bunks, a library, a ship's store, movies, everything a man could want. And we were *welcome!* You never saw a happier bunch of correspondents than we were. We thought almost lovingly of the *Holiday Routine*, as of a departed wisdom tooth, the absence of which has afforded one an exquisite, a positive pleasure.

My greatest distress during this period in sick bay was caused by the wardroom boys who are, on their native heath, jitterbugs. They had a phonograph hitched up to the ship's radio system and at 6:30 a.m., bright and early, somebody would put on a record which unquestionably had been played five hundred times before, and from then until they put our lights out at ten p.m. that phonograph went on playing the same record. I am convinced it was my outrage at this unnerving ordeal that kept my temperature at its astronomical heights.

I'll wash this letter out now, as it has gone beyond all reason in length. I'll be with you soon. We dock early tomorrow morning.

As ever,
Phillips.

Manila
July 9, 1945

Dear Chum:

Here I am back in beautiful, spacious Manila. It's a lot more spacious now than it was some years ago. At the moment I am waiting around for a jeep to take me to the dispensary for the diagnosis of several evil complaints. Been going around with an ambulatory fever, complicated by a sore throat—so the thing is, sulfadiazine. It works every time. Also, a Thing bit me on the instep while I was on Morotai on the way home and it produced a huge water-blister. I do not know how to treat these exotic ailments. I am a hideous sight. My hair and skin have got the same color as my clothes, and the sun, plus huge doses of atabrine, have increased in affinity the color scheme between me and my vestments—all is a rich sulphur yellow. The fever sowed its seed and I now have a rich crop of fever blisters, which, by pushing and shoving, all managed to crowd onto one lip, giving it somewhat the appearance of a loaded subway platform. They, too, are a rich sulphur yellow.

I and my lip received an invitation to be present at a joint session of the Philippine Houses of Congress to mark their new freedom and to honor General MacArthur. This morning the Philippine Government



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made him an Honorary Citizen of the Philippines, gave him the permanent rank of Field Marshal and have started work on a stamp and a coin bearing his handsome pan. The good General made a speech which was broadcast to the States—an excellent one too, poised and deliberate, and with a good radio voice, I should think. The General is nothing if not a showman.

The rainy seasons in the tropics are much overemphasized. So far as I can make out they are much the same as a good rainy spell at home in August. It's hot and muggy and steamy and sticky and wet, and when it rains it really does rain. But it's not a permanent downpour. However, I understand there are two rainy seasons, and this may be the light one.

I never did tell you about leaving the *Wasatch*. We put into Morotai in the midst of a cold, seasonal rain. (In order that we would *not* have to stay overnight at Leyte, which is a death trap.) We stayed overnight at an Australian camp, where we were very well treated. This stop-over would not have been as depressing as it was had we not learned the details of the deaths of the two boys who were killed the second afternoon we all went ashore at Balikpapan. They had sneaked up ahead of the lines and found themselves a little hut where they set up a typewriter and one of them was banging away on his story. Deep in their rear an Australian with a Bren gun spotted them in the hut, and thinking he saw a Jap working a radio sender, he opened up with the Bren gun and killed both boys. They were both Australian correspondents.

At any rate, our Aussie hosts gave us good chow, and two quart bottles of beer before dinner. Afterwards we played gin rummy (there were five of us correspondents traveling together during this homeward phase of the trip) and later on we each had a gin and lemon squash which only cost us ten cents! We hit the sack fairly early as we were due to fly on to Manila early the following a.m.

That night was like everything you have ever heard of the jungle. Morotai is much more jungly in aspect than anything I have yet encountered, and it was just like a colored movie of a jungle. With sound—the damndest noises ever heard by human ear. During the day we had walked around through wild banana trees, wild pawpaw trees, pineapple plants, etc., and keeping a sharp eye out for snakes, rogue elephants, rhinoceri, etc. No wild life turned up.

We arrived at the air strip at seven, as instructed, to take off for Manila, but as usual the plane didn't leave until eleven. (Never, since I have been out on this trip, has a plane left for its destination within four hours of the specified time, and always they tell you to be on the strip so you can wait.) At four p.m. we put down at Leyte (exactly what

we had stayed over in Morotai to avoid) and that meant we had to stay there. They took us out to a horrible replacement camp, where we had inedible chow, and were waked at one a.m. to catch the plane for Manila. Naturally it did not leave until five. It's incredible, but it always happens.

One funny thing I have noticed: Manila is the only place where I am bothered by insects. No trouble at all at any of the other places—Guam, Hawaii, Tinian, Leyte, Kwajalein, Morotai, TawiTawi, Borneo, Saipan, Samar—only in the Philippines am I a prey to the dread anophiles.

I think as an editor it is a good idea for me to be here. The PROs, the correspondents and everyone else I've talked to agree with me that all editors should catch a look at this spectacle out here so that we will know what it's like for the future. It is almost impossible to find stories; everything goes straight to the newspapers and in order to get a feature story or two—one that is not a personality piece—you must resign yourself to hanging around for a long time. It takes weeks to get a feature story. That is why most of the guys find they have to stay six months, and why MacArthur and the PROs don't like us Two-Month-Wonders. But for an editor to be here and get the flavor of the whole thing will work to his own advantage later, both for thinking up ideas for articles, and for recognizing good ones when they come along. With Europe it was different; while not everyone knew what war was like, everyone knew what Europe was like. But no one ever heard of Tawi Tawi, or Morotai or Tinian before, and a guy has to see these places to believe them—or to believe what could and does happen in them. And the war out here is as different a war as if it occurred on another planet, even though people still use guns and get killed. The difference is pointed up by the fact that the Japs can hardly be called human beings.

I can't wait to get home and get into a white shirt. And to wear shoes. Here I never wear anything but ankle boots made of reversed leather. They are the most comfortable numbers I ever had on my feet, but they sure are heavy. And these damn' khaki pants never did shrink to fit me, as we had figured.

I shall be coming home very shortly; possibly within a week unless I get lured into another mission. I have been invited to spend a week with the 32nd Infantry Division, farther up on Luzon, where there is still a lot of Jap-mopping going on, and there are a series of air strikes being made over China which I could get in on. The last sounds good, but is so dependent on weather and flying conditions that I hate to take a chance on spending a lot of time at some air field waiting for a shot at the China coast. They tell me there is very little flak and no air opposition to speak of, so it is a safe thing to try. You dive down to about 3,000

ft., drop your eggs, do a little strafing and fly back to base. It's about a ten-hour flight for ten minutes' fun, but I think it would be worth it. Strikes have been made over Hong-Kong and Singapore, to mention two spots, and they were very well worth having tried out from a correspondent's point of view.

I am sitting here in the correspondents' quarters trying to think up more things to say, and having a beer. When I got in this morning from Morotai I found my month's beer and cigarette ration was due, so I bought a case and four cartons. I am also covered with an insect repellent which only repels bats.

Well,

Phillips

Manila
July 15

Rich, my estimable friend:

I have decided against going on a "China Sweep" in a B25, or rather, it has been decided for me. A friend of mine named Reeves, a Press Relations Officer from Washington, was killed a couple of days ago on such a venture—flak. The plane simply disintegrated in the air. As there are not enough good stories floating around to warrant taking such chances, General MacArthur has clamped down on correspondents making these trips. For some reason, the General Staff out here takes a dim view of killing off correspondents, although I personally see no reason why the correspondents should not take the same risks as the soldiers. I think it was the hubbub caused by Ernie Pyle's death.

Yesterday we were all informed in mysterious tones that we could, if we liked, attend a press conference, but no mention was made of whom we were to interview. Naturally this secrecy worked wonders—some 60 of us jeeped over to the Admiral Apartments to interview Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Supreme Commander of the South East Asia Command. It's quite a mouthful, ain't it? It appears that even a cat may look at Lord Louis, and find him engaging. Physically he's a carbon copy of Walter Pidgeon, and he has all the charm of the British upper classes concentrated in one individual. He told us he was most surprised to be able to receive the press, as it had formerly been his impression that his visit was Most Secret, and as it was, we would have to regard the occasion purely in the nature of a social gathering. Which it was, and we did.

The Admiral told us a lot of stuff Fraught With Interest. He talked standing, beating his buttocks with clenched fists the while. He was extraordinarily candid and frank in his discussion, telling us in detail of the Burma campaign, of the attitude of the Japanese-trained Burmese Army (a wonderful story) and of the attitude of the British and Americans under his command toward the Siamese. It appears that Siam declared

(Continued on page 66)

In the DOGHOUSE

with Ed Faust



A rose by any
other name is usually
a dog

YOUR show catalog read "Champion Walsing Willy Spring o' Loch Lomond" and you thought this a preposterous name for a creature that more resembled the business end of a mop than it did a dog. But if the be-whiskered little Scotsman that faced you could talk, he would have explained that this was only his official registration name and very likely he would have added that back home in his kennel he was more conveniently known as Bill.

The invention of names for dogs acceptable for registration by the American Kennel Club is a headache business and such cognominal combinations as carried by our little friend are by no means a vain-glorious flourish on the part of the kennel owner. When we note that the official stud book contains the names of some 700,000 living dogs, to which are annually added 70,000 to 80,000, and learn that A.K.C. rules do not permit the duplication of any of these names, we can better understand why the pure-bred may be named for anything under the sun as well as some few things that have no existence. The only exceptions to this are that no dog may be registered with the name of a person of current importance, such as the President of the United States or a similar outstanding official, nor will any names be accepted that are vulgar or offensive to good taste or that contain more than twenty-five letters. The latter restriction does not apply, however, to dogs that have been registered by foreign governing bodies. An indication of the difficulties of giv-

ing the pure-bred his official name is seen in the application for registration which allows for three choices—even so, that isn't too much.

If you thought the name of the dog given in the opening of this article a high-flying fancy on the part of your writer, consider the names of these that have won outstanding honors in the show ring within recent years. Among them we find a poodle, Duc de la Terrasse of Blakeen; a sealyham terrier, St. Margaret Magnificent of Clairdale, and the fox terrier, Flornell Spicy Piece of Halleston. But not all blue-bloods are endowed with such stately titles. Some there are whose names for sheer extravagance outdo those given to any other kind of livestock. What say you to these? There's the bulldog, Drinkmoor Whiskey; the Kerry Blue terrier—a famous sire—Terry-out-of-the-Inkwell, and another of the same breed, Princeton Hell of a Fellow. Then there is the fox terrier, Evening Tribune; the appropriately named bullterrier, White Wash; the cocker spaniel, Sinner of Sauls, and the Bedlington terrier with the grisly name of Bluebeard. Add to these the Irish water spaniel, Wild Bill Hickok; the sheepdog that wears the name of Rossmore Fancypants; the Newfoundland, Winnie the Pooh; the Lakeland terrier, Stonewall Souse, and the retriever that perhaps for good reason was christened with the simple name of Foghorn. Here's one with a romantic flair, the setter, Red Sails of Salmagundi, and—hold your hat for this one!—the Norwich terrier, Angel's Whis-

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per of Colonsay. We also note two Boston terriers, General Motors Debutante (maybe a dividend had something to do with this) and the simply named dog, No Name. Not even the dog has escaped the influence of *Gone With the Wind* and we find—you've guessed it—a Scarlett O'Hara, an Irish setter, and to those of you who have relied upon the good old colloquialism, "since Hector was a pup," be it known that it is quite possible—according to A.K.C. announcement—to pin a date on that supposedly fictitious animal as there was a dog of that name, a Boston terrier, registered in 1897. He was owned by one Joseph Locke of Chicago. This dog was born in 1891 and, as the American Kennel Club literature continues, it is forty-nine years since Hector was a pup. Incidentally, this was the first dog of that breed to be officially registered by the A.K.C.

In their quest for distinction, some kennels hitch an identifying prefix or suffix to the names of their dogs. Usually this is the kennel name. Sometimes these are coined names such as used by Milson Kennels, breeders of Irish setters; the Halcyon Kennels of Welsh terriers, or the My Own line of dogs, bred by Henry Mellenthin of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., whose dog, My Own Brucie, won international fame by being selected as Best in Show over some 5,000 other dogs at the Madison, N. J., 1939 show. Again, others follow a practice of using key letters such as employed by the Warwell Kennels who always name their dogs with a W—Warwell Writer, Warwell Wrestler, etc.

Before leaving the subject of show dogs and getting on to the real business of this essay, which is designed to deal with the naming of your dog, we would add that none of the dog names which we here mention were

discovered after painstaking search, but instead were seen during the course of a more or less superficial examination of a catalog of one of the larger shows. Are such names actually used by the owners of the dogs? The answer is "No"—unless they are very brief. For example, Wee Bit Topsy of Hollyheath becomes a simple Winkey to her home folks, and a great many that carry the most grandiose titles are often plain Bill, or Bum, or Pete to their owners. In fact, one of the writer's Welsh terriers, depending upon his—the dog's, not the writer's—state of grace, is often prompt to answer to nothing more than "Hey, you!", although his registration reads Imp of Ireton.

But enough about these blue-bloods of the show bench; let's consider the problem of naming a household pet.

TO BEGIN with, the first thing a dog should learn, and learn well, is its name. Upon this the success of most obedience training rests. In fact, there may come a time when his life will depend upon how quickly he responds to that name. Only last summer, in the Pennsylvania mountains, we saw an example of this given by a young dog that saw his first rattlesnake. Fortunately, the owner saw the serpent, too, and had drilled his dog so well that despite the curiosity aroused by that fascinating, weaving bit of reptilian life in front of him, the dog was quick to spring to his master's side at command. The combination of a deadly snake not at all afraid of the dog and a lively terrier with all a youngster's desire to play, might have had fatal consequences to the animal. Your dog's name should be short, the shorter the better, and once learned should never thereafter be changed. As the sibilants such as

S, Z, Sh and Zh, are said to have greater carrying power than other spoken sounds, it is well to devise a name containing one. Right here we find our old acquaintance, Webster, a valuable assistant, listing as he does under the letter S no less than fifty-four words, any of which might serve as a good name for a dog. For example, there's Sepia (particularly appropriate for a black dog) and Static and Spiliken and Silex and—well, if you are looking for a name for your dog you'll find a great wealth of suggestions in this letter alone, as well as elsewhere in the dictionary.

Then, too, the name of the breed often calls to mind a suitable name for the dog. Is yours a Pekingese? Then how about Shan—decidedly Chinese—or if it is a Japanese spaniel, there are Shogun, Shinto (oops, sorry) and a score of words pertaining to Japan that may well be converted to your use. Leaving the Orient for the Occident, let's say that you want to name an Irish setter, or any dog of an Irish breed. Here you can figuratively take the bridle off, as that country, generous as always, provides more good names for dogs than one person can use. What better than Shillelagh or Shindy, Skerry or Scurry?

One of the most appropriate names we can think of is that of Little Sahib, a sensational show winner and champion Pomeranian. Although the breed was developed in Germany it has Oriental antecedents and to see this fluffy, proud little fellow in the ring is to see, almost literally, a little Sahib.

Further assistance in your quest for a name can be found in the encyclopedia. If you have a dog of English, French or any definite nationality, your encyclopedia will provide scores of race and place names, many of which are suited to dogs.

Maharajahs of the Midway

(Continued from page 13)

trains. The big 15 have from 20 to 60 double-length railway cars. There are also some 320 truck shows, moving about in caravans of 10 to 85 trucks and trailers.

A personnel of close to 500 is carried by the 40-car shows, while at least 200 go along with the 20-car outfits. So carnivals have had their manpower and transportation problems the past few years just like any other industry. But because they provide the necessary midways to insure the success of agricultural fairs, which in turn are vitally important in stimulating farmers to maximum production of food, these outdoor shows have received generous consideration from the WMC and the ODT.

Most of the established carnivals are efficiently organized, representing investments of more than half a million dollars in physical equipment alone, and turn in a consistent profit.

Their worst enemy is bad weather, but one season they even survived 11 weeks of rain, so you can see what a hardy and resourceful tribe these bedouins are.

Occasionally a long run of bad breaks or unavoidable calamity wipes out even the most seasoned oldtimers. But they always manage to get a new start. Not much actual cash is needed to put a carnival together from scratch, so long as the promoter is known and can line up a string of dates, especially some of the good fairs. An ad or two in *The Billboard*—which they can always get on credit from the warm-hearted Walter Evans who presides over the sheet—will bring replies from enough ride owners, midway attractions and concessionaires to make up a carnival of ample size.

Following this procedure, during and after World War I, many a candy wheel blossomed into a railroad car-

nival and several pitchmen expanded their "tripes and keisters" into mile-long truck shows.

Speaking of pitchmen, there was a time when many carnival general agents—the men who go out and book the fair dates and other engagements—would not contract a spot unless pitchmen were working it. When it comes to smelling out prosperous communities, the pitch boys are the world's greatest bloodhounds. So the carnival agents figured that wherever pitchmen are working, there's money.

Carnival leaders have made great efforts in the past ten years to wipe out crooked concessionaires, side-shows that offend good taste, and midway grift in general. Human nature being what it is, however, the job has not been easy. A principal sore spot and bottleneck is the grafting city official who, despite the desire of a show to operate clean and

(Continued on page 63)

Red AND Gun



**Mr. T. on a deer hunt that
he thought would
be ducky**

By Ray Trullinger

THE phone tinkled an urgent summons and a familiar downeast voice drifted over miles of wire. It was our old pal, the Maine warden.

"You comin' up here and shoot a deer this season?" he questioned. "We're having the best huntin' ever. Everybody is bringing in meat. The kill is running 'way ahead of last season. Big bucks, too."

"Nope," we answered, "I don't think so. Too much of a trip; besides, I gotta big buck living right here around the place, and the bow and arrow season is open. Why should I horse around with you up there when I can skewer a deer with a broadhead down here?"

"So you're going in for bow-and-arrow deer huntin', eh? You're getting nuttier than a fruitcake. Next I suppose you'll be taking up golf or some other sissy game. Look, Asa, Don and I are going out to camp Sunday night and we want another guy. . . ."

"I know, I know," we broke in. "You birds are looking for a sucker to trim in that fraternity house poker game you play all night. No dice."

"See here," he remonstrated. "I know where there's the grandfather of all bucks. If that critter doesn't dress out 225, I'll eat him, horns and all. You can get him easy. In fact, I've been sorta saving him for you. He's gentle and unsuspecting — almost trusting, you might say. Lives up on Seeall Mountain, with some other big ones."

"You make it sound good," we replied, "but you ain't kiddin' me, son. I know all about those Seeall Mountain bucks, and they're about

as trusting as a hockshop proprietor. Anyway, what would I do with 225 pounds of deer meat? Haven't you heard the country is off point rationing?"

"Of course," the warden continued, "we wouldn't hafta hunt deer all the time. There are rafts of big, red-legged black ducks along the coast and the river is lousy with whistlers. Just the other morning I saw several bunches trading up and down the river past my blinds. Nobody has been shooting them and they're probably tame as chickens. You could get a limit any morning in an hour. Then we could go over to Frenchman's Bay, on the coast, and bust some more. The boys tell me that place is stiff with black ducks, bluebills, whistlers and other stuff. But of course if you ain't interested. . . ."

"Hey!" we broke in. "Wait a minute! I seem to have a bad connection. Shake up your phone. Didn't you just say something about ducks, or did I misunderstand you?"

"Couple of the boys phoned me last night and said they'd shot limits three days handrunning. Best duck shootin' they've had in several years, they said. But of course if you ain't interested there's no need of me blabbing away here. . . ."

"Who said I wasn't interested?" we snapped, indignantly. "Now you're talking sense. Why didn't you mention ducks in the first place instead of beating around the bush? I'll see if I can get a plane reservation tomorrow afternoon and with luck I'll be in Bangor in the evening. That'll give me plenty of time to join you guys



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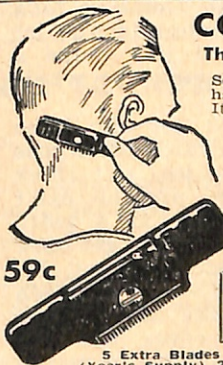
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Sunday afternoon for the trip to camp. I'll phone you from Bangor."

"Swell!" was his reply. "And look. Bring plenty of small change with you, huh? We need some fresh money in that poker game."

It wasn't exactly hot when the four of us single-filed up the road behind camp the following Monday morning on our way to the mountain. The mercury was down to 14 and there was a chill wind blowing directly from Greenland's icy mountains. What's more, the woods were noisy; frosted leaves rattled like tin cans underfoot. A few hundred yards up the road the warden spotted a large, familiar track in the frosted leaves. Big Boy had come down off a hillside during the night and remained on the wrong side of the road after daybreak. That put him in a jam, because he had to regain the hillside without being seen, and that wasn't so easy although he'd done it before. For Big Boy, you see, happens to be a 200-pound whitetail buck who has been living on the ridge back of camp for so long he probably knows us all by our first names. What's more, he had gotten himself out of more tight corners than Superman.

"What do you know!" the warden whispered. "The old smasher is still below us in the woods with those two does. This morning we're gonna kill him!"

"No foolin'," we answered him, sarcastically. "I've heard that line every Fall since Pearl Harbor, and we haven't killed him yet. Come on, let's go on over to the mountain and let Big Boy alone. He'll just make a monkey of us again and the whole day will be shot."

"I tell you we can get him," the warden replied. "He can't get across the lake because the ice isn't thick enough to hold him, and he can't break it to swim over. He's gotta cross the road somewhere to get back on the hill after we kick him out. I'll go down through the woods between the road and the lake and zig-zag around. You guys cover the two choppings and that runway up to the old quarry and somebody is bound to get a shot."

Well, somebody did get a shot—four of 'em, to be exact—but not at Big Boy. At noon we decided the big fellow had given us the slip again so we went back to camp and worked on a pot of Asa's baked beans. That afternoon a quiet prowl on the other side of the lake produced a pair of spikehorns for two of the party so there was deer liver in the skillet that evening.

"Tomorrow we'll hunt Deer Point," the warden announced, as he raked in the evening's final pot. "There's a big buck living up there with five does. We're hiking up at daybreak. Too much ice to make it with boat or canoe."

"Yeah," we chipped in. "And won't it be just dandy fun getting a big deer down from there, overland. Of course, we could hang around until the lake freezes over solidly

enough to hold us, or maybe. . . ."

"You kill that buck first," the warden broke in, "and we'll worry about getting him in to camp later. It's only about a four-mile drag and there are four of us."

That's the trouble with deer hunting. After your rifle cracks successfully, the fun's over and the heavy work starts.

NEXT morning we toiled up to Deer Point, a narrow, wooded tongue of land jutting out into the lake. It's a deathtrap for deer, assuming the animals are silly enough to let themselves be cut off, which isn't often the case. This morning we caught 'em flatfooted.

Two of us took up positions on a hardwood ridge, past or over which the animals had to go to reach the mainland two or three hundred yards behind. The warden and Asa did their usual back and forth sneak through the brush and scrub evergreens to jump the animals.

For a while there was complete silence in the woods and our warm glow soon was replaced with chilly discomfort. A gray squirrel foraged noisily in the leaves nearby and some jays flitted silently through the birches. Suddenly the woodsy silence was ripped wide open by the ka-pow! ka-pow! of a rifle and we ducked instinctively. Then there was more shooting on the other side of some scrub evergreens a hundred of more yards away and we could hear the whack of bullets as they hit the frozen lake.

"Somebody," we said to ourself, "has hit paydirt," and we eased off the safety. "That deer must be running along the shore of the lake and coming this way."

Then there was confused shouting over on our left, followed by a single shot.

"A war, no less," we muttered to ourself, fingering the trigger. "Wonder what they're shootin' at?" Still nothing came our way.

Five minutes later the warden, a bit wild-eyed, came bounding through the woods, brandishing his carbine. "Where did that buck go?" he demanded. "Didn't you see him? I put him right past you!"

"You put on a good act and you oughta be in the hoss operas," we replied. "A pair of chaps and a six-gun and you'd be perfect. What buck you talking about?"

"I put. . . ."

"Not through here, cutie," we answered him. "All I've seen is a squirrel and a couple of jays. What were you and Asa shootin' at, each other?"

"I put four deer out to your left and that big buck came right through this way. We were shootin' at a little buck and one of us hit him. Right now the blamed thing is breaking ice and swimming across the lake."

"That's fine," was our reply. "I'm glad you Boy Scouts are having fun. How do you plan to get that crippled deer, swim after him, or what? Darned if you and Asa don't

pull the strangest stunts! Now we'll have to finish off that buck, some way or other; go back to camp and get the boat and then break through about two miles of frozen lake to get the deer. That is, assuming we're lucky enough to kill the animal before it makes shore and gets away from us."

"Let's get going," he answered. "But you musta seen that buck; he came right through. . . ."

"I know, I know. He bummed a light from me when he ran past. Never mind that mythical buck. Let's get the cripple and then we'll get out of the woods and go duck hunting. You guys have your meat and most of my dough, so you ought to be satisfied."

Luckily, a long, across-the-lake shot by Asa dropped the escaping buck just as it was scrambling out of the water on the opposite shore. It was a tough break for the animal, but it couldn't have survived the original wound anyway. The rest of the day was spent breaking a way through the ice with a boat from camp to the scene of the kill, and that evening the poker game was of short duration. Nobody could stay awake.

"We've all shot a deer but you," the warden remarked accusingly, as we crawled into our bunks, "and tomorrow's the last day of the season. You gotta get a deer in the morning."

"Don't worry about me, kiddies," we answered him. "I don't envy you guys at all. Those three little goats you birds shot probably won't total 150-pound weight, and I'd rather go home skunked than go out with something like that. The quicker this nonsense is over, the quicker we'll get on with some sensible gunning, namely, ducks."

"You and your ducks," the warden snorted. And a minute later we were all asleep.

THE blizzard hit sometime that night, and when dawn broke three of us got up with head colds and Asa had developed a beautiful case of lumbago. Three inches of snow had blanketed the woods during the night and more of the fluff was sifting down. What's more, the temperature had taken a sharp dip and the wind was howling.

"A nice day to hunt if you're crazy," we cracked, "especially with a head cold. We better get out of this in a hurry before we're snowed in. In a couple of hours that snow will be a foot deep and then what?"

"On the way out we'll hunt the mountain," warden replied, between sneezes. "You're going to get a deer today if I hafta shoot it for you. Don't forget. You got skunked last season, too."

"So what? So did you. Come on, let's get going."

At the foot of the mountain our party was reduced by two. Asa and Don prudently decided a warm kitchen in town was preferable to a blizzard in the woods, so they headed for

the village. Your hero and the warden continued on alone, looking for fresh tracks. There weren't any. The deer obviously were bedded down in dense evergreen patches, riding out the storm. Deer aren't crazy.

For the next three hours we toiled through snow drifts, over rockledges and floundered through a dozen frozen swales, without kicking out so much as a fawn. We climbed the mountain and hunted the brushy benches near its crest. Then we scrambled down, snow flying, and cut down through some hardwood ridges, carefully scouting every patch of scrub. Finally, we hit fresh tracks. Four deer had been bedded down under some little firs, and two of them were bucks—one a whopper.

"Here's where we split up," the warden said. "You cut down to the fireline, turn left, and follow it until I meet you. I'll trail these deer and with luck maybe I can head 'em your way. Keep your eyes peeled and don't travel too fast."

"Don't worry about that," we answered. "In a foot of snow you don't exactly sprint. And in this murk I'd be lucky to see a giraffe at fifty paces."

The warden's strategy was excellent, but it didn't pay off. The deer came out to the fireline, as expected, and would have afforded a beautiful shot as they crossed that 50-foot-wide clearing through the woods. The only hitch was that they crossed sooner than expected and got into a game refuge before we came along.

"I guess this wasn't your year to kill a deer," the warden said, as we broke out of the woods some two hours later. "Next season maybe you'll get another big one like that twelve-pointer you shot in '43."

"Next year," we replied, "I'm going to be smart and keep away from you chiselers. I don't mind so much getting skunked, but losing my shirt every night in a poker game sort of gripes me. Deer hunting with you birds is an expensive game and I think I'll give it up."

"Yeah," the warden cracked. "You'll give it up until about the first of next November, or thereabouts."

The warden knew his onions, and, incidentally, his suckers.

Maharajahs of the Midway

(Continued from page 60)

honest, insists that it "put something on" so he can get his cut. Then, after the show leaves town, the respected official who sold his own neighbors down the river usually lets up the loudest howl against the carnival.

One element which carnival managers are not always able to control as completely as they would like is the concessionaire. When playing an unusually big fair or other special engagement, it is customary for a



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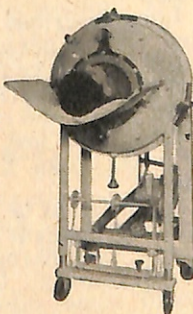
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show to take on many additions operators of games, amusement devices and other concession units, getting them either locally or from other points. These transient stands are the ones that usually burn up a town with their grifting tactics, while the show's regular concessions—and the show itself—suffer the blame.

Generally speaking, the midway games on an established carnival today are as legitimate as those at a church bazaar. The "gimmicks", which enabled operators to control the play of wheels and other devices, have been almost entirely eliminated. "Shills", formerly used in large numbers to suck in the public, also are scarce.

But don't let this make you overconfident about your chances of winning a prize on the midway. As in any game of chance—whether slot machines, numbers or ponies—the odds are still at least 20 to 1 against you. Even at a church bazaar. When you play a gambling game, you pay something for the thrill of expectancy, and something for the privilege of trying to get a dollar object for a dime. Still your chances are better than they used to be. Especially if the local auspices—whoever they may be—are honest.

As in other fields of endeavor, the names and reputations of carnival pioneers and leaders in time become traditions. High on the list is the Johnny J. Jones Exposition, which has been on the road for forty-five years and is now run by E. Lawrence Phillips. Johnny Jones, until his death a few years ago, was the mighty mite of the carnival world. He was even smaller than Billy Rose in size, but when his fifty-car show played its annual engagement at the biggest and most coveted fair date on the North American continent, the Canadian National Exhibition in Toronto, an Aquacade comparable to Billy's was just one of a dozen spectacular features along the mighty Jones midway. The water show, by the way, was run by W. H. (Bill) Rice, daddy of these mermaid exhibitions.

A compact little dynamo of energy, Johnny was a born showman and looked the part. He did not have to go in for plaid vests, snakeskin ties and brown bowler hats to mark him as a showman. But between his ample mustache, gold watch chain and other distinguishing sartorial appurtenances, he amply lived up to his position.

Among the things that made Johnny Jones a great showman was the fact that he loved the kids and the kids loved him. That became a valuable asset over the years, particularly during the early days of the carnival when some parents used to scare their children away from the midway by telling them that the brightly painted horses on the merry-go-round would bite them. A large stable of live ponies, for the kids to ride, later became one of the standard attractions on the Jones show. And there is no record

of any kid ever having been bitten.

In a business where vicissitudes of one kind or another are almost a daily occurrence, a philosopher is bound to sprout here and there. Among the leading carnival sages is J. George Loos, whose outfit bearing his name has sailed the plains of Texas, and some adjacent territories, for over 44 years.

Loos is a florid-faced, solidly rounded, cigar-chewing and somewhat battle-scarred crusader against all undesirable features of the mid-



way, especially the grafting concessionaires.

"There is nothing smart about trimming a sucker," he tells the boys with the educated wheels or other "gaffed" devices, "especially if that person is your patron. The locals have brains just like yourself. You'd be surprised how smart some of the 'suckers' really are, and how many of them have money in the bank and live in stone mansions. Where do you live, and what is your bank balance?"

Loos describes the bad concessionaire as "a person who operates a stand, allows you to spend a quarter, and buys the article back for a dime. Then at the end of the season he tells the world he lost \$4,800 even though he was broke when he joined the show."

Asked what he considered the most exciting incident encountered by him in his long carnival career, the humor-beaming Loos countenance added some candlepower as he replied:

"The most thrilling sight I ever saw was the time a careless cigaret smoker started a blaze in our Hawaiian Village and a dozen hula dancers came dashing out with their skirts on fire."

Before closing the book on the grafting concessionaires, there is the

case of one fast-mover who, on a day off, went up against the fixed layout of another game operator and lost heavily. The loser hollered "copper" and had the grafter pinched. At the court hearing, the indignant plaintiff demanded that the offender be made to show how his skin-game worked, as the "gaff" had eluded his eagle eye and he said he wanted to expose the works "for the protection of the public". The judge so ordered, and the defendant complied.

Not long thereafter the complaining grafter was operating the same kind of joint on another midway. His main purpose in causing the arrest and exposé was to learn the combination!

Accustomed to finding themselves in tight spots, carnival men, especially the smaller operators, have developed a vast fund of resourcefulness and ingenuity to augment their wits and two-way sense of humor when confronted with an emergency. Bob Lohmar, one of the ace general agents, now on the second largest carnival, Al Wagner's 40-car Cavalcade of Amusements, tells of the time a small railroad show owner, after six straight days of rain, was unable to settle accounts and move to his next stand. With never-say-die confidence, the showman called on the local banker. An hour later he came out with his poker-face unchanged.

"If I ever make a million," he said to his waiting trainmaster, "I'll never deposit a dime in that bank."

"They turned you down, eh?" the train boss concluded.

"No," replied the show owner, "but any banker who is fool enough to loan me \$10,000 on that bunch of junky equipment I own is too risky a custodian for my savings."

Performers and other carnival personnel also can pull a quick trigger. A hotel manager once went to a crystal gazer's room and asked, "When are you going to pay your rent?"

"That's a financial question," replied the business-minded mystic. "It'll cost you five dollars."

The kinship that exists among carnival folk is much the same as the circus kinship that Wells Hawks wrote about in his stories of the big top. There is just one way to describe it. Back in the days of wooden ships and iron men, when there were ropes and sails for the wind instead of the steam and electric propulsion of today, it was the custom at the rope walks of the old Royal Navy to weave a small strand of scarlet silk into every foot of rope, so that no matter where on the seven seas the cord happened to be severed, this bit of red was always visible—an emblem of the crimson colors of the British Empire. Among the peoples of the earth there is one changeless community through whose lives from generation unto generation there has passed the scarlet thread of kinship—people of the same God as yours, just as frail and human as you, just the same flesh and blood, but for some indefinable yet thoroughly understood reason a fellowship apart

from the rest. Though they come from many lands, speaking a veritable Babel of tongues, still does the red strand show itself in the sinew of the cords that bind them tighter, more closely than any other set of people anywhere.

These are the outdoor showfolk—circus and carnival, bedouins all. Into that strong cord of brotherhood that binds them fast as iron, but as gentle as the falling of a leaf, there is woven the scarlet strand of kinship—the kinship of the tented world and the open road.

Love is a real thing among outdoor showfolk. Still more than that, remembrance is cherished as a precious jewel. They don't mourn for a while and then forget. No one ever finished his season of earthly tramping and passed on to be forgotten. Through the Showmen's League of America in Chicago and similar clubs maintained in a dozen cities throughout the country—all with very active ladies' auxiliaries—the social, fraternal and spiritual needs of outdoor showfolk are fulfilled.

The percentage of carnival people who make a lifetime career of their work is high. Unless they break away at an early age—like Broadway producer Mike Todd, who worked

the "gimmick" on a carnival concession before he was ten years old—the lure of the game infects and holds them for good.

Marriages among carnival folk are numerous. Divorces are comparatively few, way below the national rate. Perhaps it's because their interests are more closely related and the ties that bind them are more practical and enduring.

When an occasional divorce of a carnival couple does take place, the question of custody is likely to be somewhat unusual. Instead of involving children, the wife is more apt to ask that she be awarded the carousel, shooting gallery or juice stand.

Since the big metropolitan cities have no accommodations for a major carnival, at least 40,000,000 of our population have never enjoyed the thrill of a visit to one of these traveling fairylands. They have a second choice, however, in the amusement park. It's not quite the same, but it's better than no midway entertainment at all.

For, in the words of William Allen White, late sage of Emporia, "carnivals or some similar form of amusement are a part of the necessary gaiety of a civilized people".

GI Joe, World Traveler

(Continued from page 17)

because "the Arabs were so dirty", but he had never tried to buy a cake of soap in the town. Soap was nonexistent there and by overlooking that fact Johnnie shut himself off from a wealth of new experiences.

Frank had better luck. A native tailor did his work cheaply and well, treated him to an occasional glass of wine and made him honored guest at a theatre party. But Frank was also overcharged in a native restaurant, overcharged in such a niggardly, mean fashion that that experience completely outweighed for him his relations with the tailor. Frank wrote off an entire population as skinflints and money-grabbers on the basis of one unpleasant happening.

These episodes are legion. They do not augur well for the future of foreign travel or international understanding, unless servicemen recognize a certain naiveness betrayed in such judgments and thus re-appraise their foreign experiences in a realistic fashion.

Fortunately there is another side to the picture, and a very reassuring one. Many soldiers genuinely liked foreign lands and places. They got along splendidly in England and Scotland. They enjoyed the Riviera. Almost to a man they were enthusiastic over the loveliness of Capetown and the marvelous hospitality there. Thousands came not only to know but to like Australia and the Australians and found a link between that nation's pioneering spirit and the sagas of the American West.

Other thousands of servicemen

conscientiously studied foreign languages. En route to Europe they hunted out instructors in French; bound for the Pacific they set up schools in Chinese and even Japanese. Intellectually alert and eager to learn, they realized that the tongue of a land is the surest "open sesame" to the affections and the heart of its people. They prepared to enjoy insofar as possible their stay in foreign lands—and they came away with lives enriched beyond measure.

Still another type of serviceman became interested in travel, paradoxically enough, from sheer boredom. The men stationed on the Ledo Road fled the dreariness and monotony of life there by furloughs in Calcutta and at Darjeeling. The men waiting transportation home from Europe took trips on the Continent. Official arrangements were made for 400,000 soldiers to visit Switzerland alone; other tens of thousands had the opportunity to spend holidays on the Riviera. They were able to duplicate almost exactly the circumstances of civilian travel, and most of them enjoyed it immensely. They will be the travelers of tomorrow.

The soldier's own friendliness and generosity often sold him on foreign lands. Thousands of men, away from home ties, poured out their affection on the children of other nations. Arab and French children, dusky Indian urchins and blond Poles became the mascots of entire companies. They sported new clothing—usually a replica of the American uniform—

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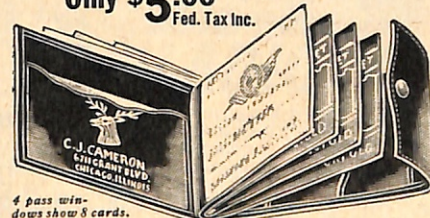
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given them by the Americans, they ate and lived with our servicemen, they tried to master English. In learning to understand the ways of these children, in appreciating their gratitude, soldiers often came to understand a whole nation and its people. Many of these Americans departed from foreign shores with the wish some day to return—and they left behind an immeasurable stock of good will for the United States.

Perhaps the most important source of all travel in the future will be the servicemen who married abroad. When the First Marines, for instance,

were sent to Australia for reorganization and an extended rest after Guadalcanal, about one in ten reportedly took a bride there. Tens of thousands of soldiers married in England. Undoubtedly thousands of others did so in France and even in Italy.

A percentage of such marriages will go on the rocks and the foreign brides who return to their native lands because America is not made up entirely of skyscrapers and night clubs will rate newspaper headlines. But for every one of these, five others will succeed in making a comfortable

and happy home in the United States. Their husbands will gradually put money aside and in five or ten years will revisit the wife's homeland and more likely than not will continue on to neighboring countries.

And so a new era of travel opens. A new generation of travelers, wise far beyond its years, looks to the future. The gingerbread castles are gone, and the costumed peasants, the "bargains" in souvenirs; but in their place is a world of realities, a world filled with possibilities for true emotional experiences for this generation to explore and to understand.

Give 'Em a Little Corn

(Continued from page 40)

wounded, trying to reach cover. He saw you knock out the tank. Says he was damn' near blown up in the explosion."

"I've told you I don't remember any tank," Jimmy said patiently.

"Anderson says he'll be happy to remember it for you." Captain Peters was suddenly thoughtful. "So will the rest of us, Jimmy. If the Japs had been able to work that monster in behind our column, as they obviously planned, it would have cost us

a lot of men. We think you're quite a guy, on the screen and off." He put his fist gently against Jimmy Nolan's jaw, nodded, and went out. A moment later Jimmy heard his voice again, just outside the door.

"Who?" the captain was saying.

"Sergeant Horgan, sir. I was the one carried the lieutenant out to the road after he collapsed. The men asked me to find out if he is going to be all right, sir."

"Oh," Peters said. "Tell them he's

coming along fine. He'll be okay."

"There's just one thing, sir."

"What, sergeant?"

"Will he be okay mentally? I mean —when he passed out in my arms, he was talking kind of funny."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, sir, he hung onto me like I was his last hope, you might say. And he kept whispering, sort of confidential like: 'With passions, darling, with passions!' I and the boys just hope it isn't serious, sir."

Letters from a Correspondent

(Continued from page 58)

war on Britain and the United States. The British accepted the challenge, but the United States simply ignored the entire matter, with the result that one-half of Lord Louis' forces are at war with Siam and the other half isn't. It's about the only thing I feel safe in repeating. When we left him he told us that if any of us wished to have the South East Asia Command revised all we had to do was quote him and "the Prime Minister will give me the sack". It sounds funny, the P.M. sacking the first cousin of the king! Ah, well. Think of Edward!

The reason this letter is so lacking in factual information is that there isn't anything to write about in the Philippines. The war is all washed up, Okinawa is washed up, and Borneo, which is almost entirely an Australian show, is following the old familiar pattern. A curious situation exists here from the correspondents' point of view; the war as a news story has slowed down almost to a dead stop and the correspondents are leaving in droves, taking leaves of absence until the Big Operation comes off. (We are all betting the war will not end until late in the Spring of '46.) On the other hand, correspondents from the ETO are pouring in, and they are appalled by the distances between operations and how far they have to go to get anywhere, and how widely separated, in space and in time, the various opera-

tions are. I believe they feel rather discouraged. It may be some months yet for the Big Show to start, and the prospect of waiting around in this heat and depressing atmosphere of ruin and apathy is a disheartening one.

I bartered me a Panama hat last night for ten pesos and four cartons of cigarettes (\$2.00). That means a fine quality hat for seven bucks, and the guy threw in a snake-skin wallet. The hat would cost me \$25 back home. It's the only thing I've bought for myself since leaving the States.

Of course you may ask what am I going to do with a hat since I've not had one on my head since 1938. Well, I'll tell you. I'm going to wear it on visits to the White House. That was when I wore one the last time.

Give my love to your little brown wife and beat the kids for me. With whips. You'll be hearing from me. Phillips.

Manila

July 16, 1945

Dear Dick:

I'm writing this letter in the Press Relations Office for the simple reason that I haven't anything else to do and I am practicing the touch system which will make it hard for you to read and for me to write. Also it's raining a depressing sort of rain—not the hearty tropical kind, which one gets used to.

Around me are three or four other jokers, all pretending to be working on stories, and actually all writing letters to their wives. Letter-writing out here is a disease. There isn't anything to read and you lose too much money at gin rummy and you're homesick, so you write letters while you wait. You wait for everything. Transportation, orders, letters of accreditation, clearance to different theaters, appointments with this, that and the other guy. It takes three days to get done something you could ordinarily do in a half-hour.

This is partly because of snafu in the telephone department, a factor which must have been awfully retarding in ETO. Our phone system is Japanese Secret Weapon No. 1.

We are housed in a large and hideous stucco house of the Spanish type which is owned by a retired colonel. (The colonel's taste was all in his mouth.) The house is some fifteen minutes from the correspondents' office in town, which means riding back and forth two or three times a day, because all our meals are served at the house. The roads are bad and very dusty and the trip in is depressing beyond description because of the ruins. Our mess hall is in another building to the back of the barracks. The food is good. It costs fifty cents a meal, but we occasionally get salads and scallions, etc., and ice cream a couple of times a week. The nights are the worst part.

There is no place we can use as a work room or recreation room and the electric light system is uneven at best. Each room is equipped with one bulb hanging on a wire, and the bulb doesn't give enough light to do much by. Also some of the guys in each room want to go to bed very early, so you can't horse around and have gumming sessions, so you just drift around aimlessly. Three nights a week there are movies, but usually they are something with Esther Williams swimming in a phony pool in time to Strauss waltzes. The movies are over at 9:30 and then you start wandering aimlessly again, or go to bed. The latter is a hazardous project, because at midnight or later some jerks will come tramping in on their great flat feet, laughing and talking away, partly plastered of course, so you wake up fully and never do get to sleep again; the heat has something to do with that.

All in all, however, this is a pretty good deal. There are some very nice guys around, and they have all been out so long and know so much about the other guys' problems (because all problems here are mutual) that we all understand one another. And then fifty or sixty men all in the same profession are bound to be congenial. After you have been out in this section for about two weeks you are a veteran. New guys are continually coming in and others going out, so there's never a dull moment. Nobody stays long enough for you to get attached to him and thus be lonesome when he goes off.

The Filipinos I don't like, except for the little kids. They are dirty and sloppy, stupid and apathetic, acquisitive and dishonest. I suppose they cannot help those things; not after three years of Jap occupation with the city in ruins, their economy shot to hell, food and water scarce, and the country overrun by another horde of invaders, however well-meaning and benevolent. They don't eat well or dress well and there are no local amusements for them. All in all they have a rough deal. In referring to the Filipinos, I write specifically of the people one sees in the streets and comes into ordinary contact with. The wealthy and educated Filipinos are another thing.

I like the Chinese best of all. They have humor, good humor, and an ancient, inbred tolerance and understanding that seems to run through all of them I have met. They appear totally sophisticated, and nothing you can do surprises or perturbs them. Of course inwardly they may be boiling cauldrons, but on the surface that is how they appear to me. As to the Japs, I can't tell them from Filipinos or Chinese so I wouldn't know about them; I have a feeling that the people I instinctively don't like are always Japanese.

There are two little boys who work here; I should say they are about ten or twelve years old, although I can't be sure how much the occupation and malnutrition had to do with stunting their growth. These little kids are

the happiest little humans you ever saw. They live somewhere in the vicinity, but joined up here when the correspondents and the PRO personnel moved in, to shine shoes. They speak English, Spanish and Tagalog, and constantly sing in both languages or all three (about the Tagalog, I am never sure). It is the funniest thing in the world to hear these two little brats singing American torch songs in which they express themselves as frustrated individuals with outside libidos. In the Spanish songs they have a trick of singing phrases back and forth to one another or doing harmony. All in all they are thoroughly delightful.

I spent one chow time at the quarters of a company of Engineers. There, one little orphaned, undersized Filipino boy was the mascot. I inquired around and found he had attached himself to one of the sergeants, who had worked out his army career and gone back to the States. The little kid was due to follow the sergeant who had written his wife for her okay to adopt the kid; she agreed. So now the boy is sweating it out, waiting for his papers. A thoroughly heart-warming story.

Later
It's still pouring rain and nothing to do except wait for evening chow. The prospect for the evening isn't bright. No movie, and the lights have blown (that happens about twice a week), and they have no lamps or candles, because, of course, electricity is here to stay. The fact that we spend numberless evenings in a pitch-black house walking around bashing into one another hasn't taught anyone anything.

Since starting this letter the rainy season has descended in full force, and we are practically immobilized. Sometimes you can't even type, because the houses have not yet had windows restored and the wind blows the rain and spray so hard that paper and typewriter get wet. Every one lives in deadly fear of rust in his machine, and as typewriters are the only tool of our trade and absolutely irreplaceable out here, each man regards his machine as if it were a new-born son.

Well, chow time has at last arrived and I can put this in an envelope with a clear conscience and the knowledge that I have been more dreary and tedious than usual.

Phillips.

Manila
July 20, 1945

Richard:

This is the last letter you will get from me before I turn up in the States. I am taking a plane to Guam tomorrow and will stay there three or four days before going on to Hawaii where I intend to visit with my friends at Honolulu Lodge No. 616. Then I'll be back. I am traveling to San Francisco by Naval Air Transport System and it is possible that I will be in New York before this letter reaches you.

Phillips.

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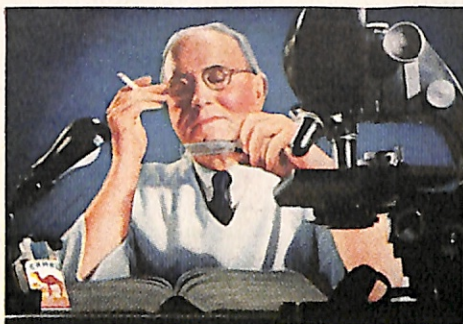
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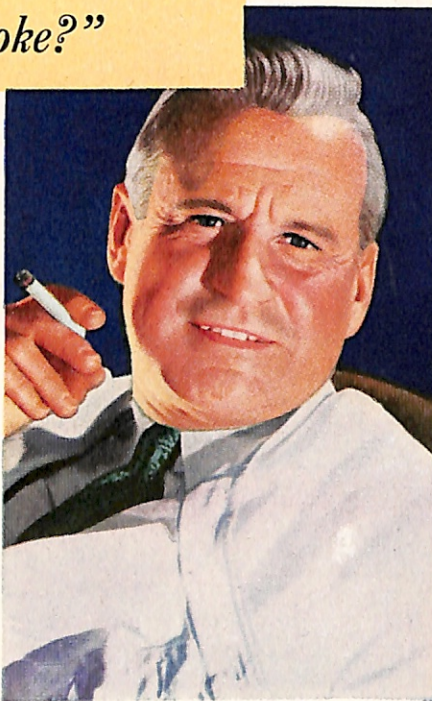
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